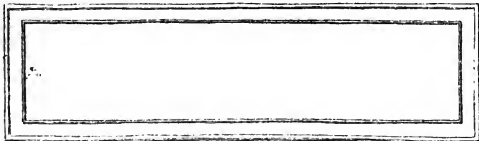
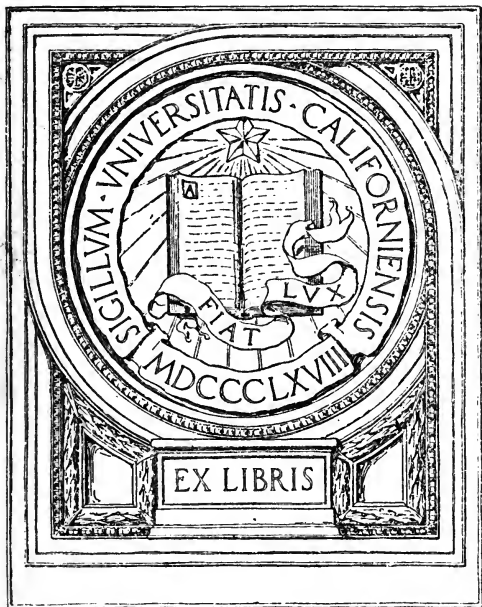


1020 **White (W.)** A SAILOR-BOY'S LOG-BOOK,
 FROM PORTSMOUTH TO THE PEIHO, *portrait*,
 12mo, cloth, 2s *common ed. 1913* 1862

IN MEMORIAM
Henry Byron Phillips

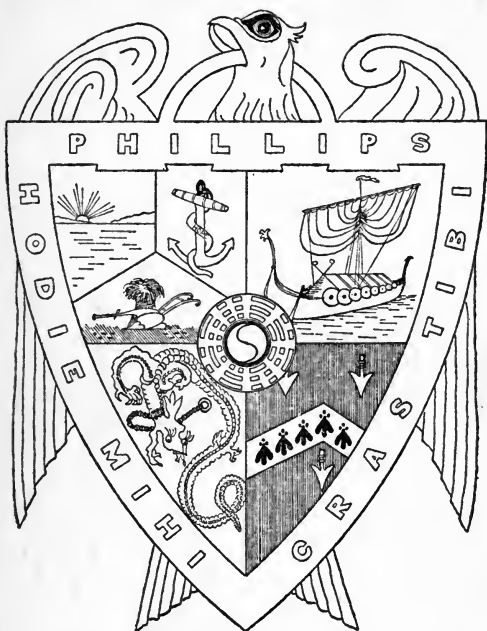


८

२१-

२१५

२१





A

SAILOR-BOY'S LOG-BOOK

FROM

PORTSMOUTH TO THE PEIHO.

EDITED BY

WALTER WHITE,

AUTHOR OF A "MONTH IN YORKSHIRE," "ALL ROUND THE WREKIN,"
AND OTHER BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

"Our captain sails where'er he pleases,
And catches Tartars or Chineses ;
Say but the word and he's your man
To treat or trade with shy Japan."

LONDON :

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

1862.

TO THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

18709
W58

I-M.
Henry Byron Phillips

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

FOREWORD BY THE EDITOR.

THIS book is what it purports to be : the work of one who entered the navy as a boy, went through the rudiments with more or less of satisfaction ; sailed to China, where he smelt powder in the capture of Canton and the disastrous attempt to take the Taku forts ; then visited Japan, and returned home a smart young topman. He kept a "log," as he calls it, during his term of service ; and my editing has consisted, for the most part, in persuading him to copy his log twice over, with such advice as to suppression, elucidation, coherence, and consistency as was required for the presentation of the narrative in a readable form. Apart from this, I thought it best that the young fellow, who has some capability for telling a story, should tell it in his own way ; especially as a boy's opinions, in their total disregard of consequences, charm us by their freshness and sincerity.

It is not often that we get a narrative of sea-life from the lower-deck of a Queen's ship. The quarter-deck has told us the tale many a time, and we know pretty well what its experiences are, and what it thinks about seamen and the service generally, and about

foreign countries : here we have the tale told from a subordinate point of view—the lower-deck telling us what it thinks of the quarter-deck—and with somewhat of the rough outspoken commentary and criticism habitual with mariners. It is oftentimes profitable to hear both sides of an argument.

For boys who have a longing for the sea this book may prove instructive. They will find herein information about the course of training through which a sailor-boy must pass, and the trials that he may expect to meet with ; about his conflict with wind and water, his robust duties, dangerous adventures, and boisterous recreations ; about his weeks of wearisome idleness that breed discontent, and the opportunities afforded him for seeing the world. But it must be confessed that the book does not present us with an attractive picture of the naval service ; partly from the very nature of the circumstances in which it originated ; partly from the author's habit of regarding the state of his own feelings as of primary importance. He had not then discovered that resolute fulfilment of duty is sweeter far than happiness.

Nevertheless, I heartily recommend this little book, feeling assured that if only because of its honesty, it well deserves any word that I can say in its favour.

W. W.

London, October, 1862.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
Why I went into the Navy; and how—To Portsmouth—The old Guardho—Well, Youngster! what do you want?—The Main-deck—Encouraging Reception—Agree to enter for Ten Years—A hard Supper, and harder Pillow—Turning in and turning out—Rouse and Bit—A Chance for a Wash—Pipe to Breakfast—What the Doctor said—I am passed—Starboard and Port—Knots and Hitches—Handling a Boat—Feather and Toss—My first Uniform—A Ditty-box—The Mast-head—Cutlass Drill—Rifle Drill—Big Gun Exercise—Splices, left-handed Eyes, Mat-thew Walker, and Turk's Head—Old Pipes—Hawser-eye and Dead-eye—Compass and Lead-line—The <i>Sealark</i> —Sore Feet—A Day's Work—Out on a Cruise—Distress—The wrong Signal—Return to the Guardho—The <i>Highflyer</i> —Are you Napoleon Bonyparte?—A Lambasting	1

CHAPTER II.

At Spithead—Admiral's Inspection—Sail to Plymouth—Departure from England—My first Look-out—How to see—Phosphorescent Waves—Making Sail—Our two Gun-boats—The <i>Plover's</i> Hawser breaks—A Growl—Calms and Breezes—A Day's Routine—Work and Watches—Land ho! The Peak of Teneriffe—Anchor off Santa Cruz—A Run on Shore—Mules, Fishwomen, and Shopkeepers—To Sea again—A Taste of Black List—Strike me lucky—Guy Fawkes—Equatorial Weather—Coming down anyhow—A Bit of Fun—Buckets and Hoses—A Drencher for Captain and Chaplain—Cross the Line—Shaving and Bathing—Besiegers and Besieged—An Officer's Honour, and a Pig's Feathers—Make him speak, Bull-dogs—Shipmates and Messmates—A rough Lick and Black List	21
--	----

CHAPTER III.

PAGE

Cape Frio—Arrive at Rio de Janeiro—Magnificent Harbour—An Hour on Shore—Crucifix-bearers—Wooden Collars—The Captain's good Advice—Christmas Day—Plum-duff—Close-reefed Topsails—A Sight of Tristan de Acunha—The Gun-boats cast off—Algoa Bay—Foul Weather—Money landed in Surf-boats—Port Elizabeth at a Distance—Discontent—Natal—A Snuffler—Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope—Romantic Scene—Bullock-wagons—A brooming Party—Savage Landscape—A good Word for Government—Sailors' Orchards—A fresh Departure—Four Gun-boats—A Truant—Strait of Sunda—Boatswain Birds—Anjeer—Java—Sumatra—Singapore—Something to laugh at—Waterspout—Arrival at Hong-Kong—The Letter-bag—News from Home	37
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

The Pratta Shoal—The Wreck—The Pirates—Another Wreck—Prospect of Hong-Kong—Wantchee Dinner—Up the River—Bocca Tigris—Getting it properly—A Chinese Landscape—Plenty of Swamp-seed—Our Anchorage—Boats to Fatsan—A Dose for the Longtails—A dark Watch—Capture of Chuenpee—Trophies: unboiled Goat and boiled Rice—Chasing a Pirate—Bird-scarers—Alarm of Fire—Inspection by Admiral Sir Michael Seymour—The Growlers pacified—Crickets and Bullfrogs—Theatrical Amusement—Discontent—Drop down the River—A Funeral—Hong-Kong, and a Run on Shore—A Prospect—The old Anchorage again—Flogging and Tail-lopping—Rowing Guard-boat—Cooking and Story-telling—A Sanpan of Thieves—Prizes without Profit—A Grumble—See-no-more's Fund	54
--	----

CHAPTER V.

Ho! for Canton—The Bombardment commences—Howling—Our Landing—The rough March—Our first Brush with Johnny—The Bivouac—Our strange Position—On Picket—Shells and Rockets—Hot Tea and no Sleep!—What I thought about—Come on, my Lads—A nasty Hero—The Rendezvous—Our Advance—Scaling the Walls—Jamming a Frenchman—Five Pounds for a Flag!—Inside the Walls—Wanton firing—A Charge—Wounded Natives—Scorching Explosions—Canton ours—Marooning and Feasting—Cries of Distress—Chinese Girl—A Rescue—The Provost-marshal—Stop! or I'll fire—An Escape—Horrid Prisons—Yeh's Slaughter-ground—Competitive Headsmen—Mandarin Funeral—A white Affair and rather jolly—Body-guard and Musicians—A good Son—On Board a Junk—Return to our Ship	71
--	----

CHAPTER VI.

PAGE

More Grumbling—Sailing Orders: Hurrah!—A Trial of Patience—Sail from Hong-Kong for Shanghai—Beating past Formosa—Danger ahead—'Bout Ship—An anxious Moment—The Danger escaped—Woosung—Anchor at Shanghai—The Nobs—Life in the Streets—Coolie Jams—Sedan-bearers' Salutes—Shops and Shopkeepers—Buddhist Temple—The Worshippers—Ogling and carving—Divination by Sticks—Big Ear and Big Eye—Yankee Rowdies—Broken Heads—Hot Weather—Patience rewarded—A Parcel from Home—An Alarm—Attempt at Murder—Feeders on Christians—You English one Rogue—Fern Tea—Carrion Food—A Rat Scramble—Sea Spawn—Chinese and English Landscapes—Chinese Painters and Pile-drivers—Fourth of July—Dogs and Sailors classed together—A Warning to Old Ugly—Funeral Rites	87
---	----

CHAPTER VII.

The Dead Sister's Plate and Chopsticks—Tremendous Feat—A Chinese Theatre—Poor Stuff—The Mail—Excitement—The Rush for Jondy—Do your Duty, come what may—One Pieceny English Thief—Nigpoo Tom—Brawling Boatmen—Baby Boatmen—Buoys for Baby-boys—Pastimes—A Cruise for Health—Lucong—Picturesque Scenery—Forget-me-not—Hospitable Cottagers—Their Dinner—Libations of Samshu—Seamen's Distraction—Lucong Farmers—Thrashing Machine—The Joss-house—A Surprise—More Hospitality—A Dinner in Public—Number One Pieceny—A Party for the <i>Inflexible</i> —Help for <i>La-place</i> —Ingenious Steering Contrivance—Towing a Cripple	107
---	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

Preparing to tow—A Squabble—Drifting astern—Ease her! Stop her!—Coutez la Rope—Return to Shanghai—Another Christmas—New Year's Day—Cold Weather—Freezing a Brass Monkey—Feast of Lanterns—Millions of Lights—Unfair Dealing—The unlucky Jeweller—Unlucky Greengrocer—Unworthy Englishmen—English Talkee—Chin-chin, Jack—Consequences of Idleness—Rambles on Shore—A Lower-deck at Dinner-time—Criticism on Beef—Yankee Navy <i>versus</i> English Navy—A royal Reason why—The First Lord and the Grub—A Man of Bread—A few Remarks about Food—Very nice Meat—Night Quarters—A Broadside—Uproar—Obeying Instructions—Another Alarm—All adrift—A Yankee Skipper	121
---	-----

CHAPTER IX.

	PAGE
Anticipations of Work—The <i>Powhattan's</i> Salute—Sail for the Peiho—Excitement on Board—Arrival of Mr. Bruce—Interview with the Chinese Commandant—We embark—Advance to the Taku Forts—Attempt to blow up the Barrier—What old Archie said—Gun-boats under Way—A Jam—Well done, <i>Opossum</i> —The saucy <i>Plover</i> —We join the <i>Starling</i> —Aground hard and fast—The Fight begins—Dodging the Cannon-balls—Well done, <i>Cormorant</i> !—Smart Work—We pull to the Admiral—Death at my Elbow—At it again—Lie down, Men!—Unlucky Teapot—The Landing-party—We pull to the Shore—Death in the Mud—Hit by a Shot—The wounded Officer—Death in the Rushes—The Don't-care Feeling—The Retreat—Light-balls—A terrible Trudge—Don't care again—A narrow Escape—A Sip of Life—The Boats at last—Sleepers in the Gun-boat	135

CHAPTER X.

The <i>Banterer's</i> Deck—An ugly Sight—Sad Thoughts—Saying their Say—Jack's Opinion of the Admiral—The Killed and Wounded—What they killed each other for—The Forts again—Battering the <i>Banterer</i> —Long Tom—Woe to the <i>Nimrod</i> —The last Shot—Spare the Dead—In we go again—Chinaman's Triumph—Night Work—The British Flag and Sam Collinson—Snarling Forts—Burning the <i>Plover</i> —The Admiral's Thanks and Jack's Growl—We return to Shanghai—Sham Sympathisers	156
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

Disturbance in the City—Armed Patrol—The Club-house—A luxurious Breakfast—A Word for Growlers—Another Disturbance—Drifting and Howling—Down in the Dust—A Buster of Coffee—An Attack of Ophthalmia—Good News—Hey! for Japan—Vladimir Bay—Grand Scenery—A Fishing Party—Merry Hauling—An unstiffened Lieutenant—Fine Salmon—Toad-fish—Slime-dabs—Native Fishermen—A fine Place for Robinson Crusoe—Off Nagasaki—A beautiful Coast—A charming Harbour—At Anchor	166
---	-----

CHAPTER XII.

My first Walk in Japan—A Paradise after China—Clean Streets—Clean Houses—Hard Beds—Policemen—A Temple—Queer Worship—Chanting and Drumming—The exhorting Gong—	
---	--

	PAGE
English much goodee—Kanagawa—Hospitable Population— The Baths and Dress—On Shore at Yeddo—The Tycoon's Palace—Water-Nymphs—Sandalled Horses—Bakers—Cheap Fare and Fruit—Hakodadi—Stoned Roofs—Fish caught by Noise—Huckster-boats—Custom-house Officers—The Go- vernor's Visit—The State Barge—A Party for the Burial-ground —The Sacred Fire—The ancient Fireman—Pack-horses—A grateful Kiss—Flagstaff and Salute	175

CHAPTER XIII.

Departure from Hakodadi—The <i>Highflyer</i> aground—Kanagawa again—Japanese Diet and Junks—Rowing anyhow—Domestic Life—Hatred of Chinamen—What the Highflyers thought— Departure—Touch at Shanghai—Hong-Kong: a Disappoint- ment—Growling with a Cause—Our Captain goes Home—Up to Whampoa—Our new Captain—A Dab-down—The Mud Dock Builders—Study under Difficulties—Messmates and Cross- mates—The Admiral's Visit—My Messmates—A Run on French Island—Cotton-cleaning—Warlike Preparations—Scenes on Shore	191
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

A few Words to Boys who want to go to Sea—Characteristics— Talk about Books—Swallowing a Johnson—Sneaking from Church—Seamen's Prayer—Disreputable Officers—The Ser- vants not the Service—Man the Ropes—The Lieutenant's Dog —Craft on the Creeks—The Tax-boat—Canoes and Capers— Rambles in Canton—Deities for Sale—False Tails—Street Gamblers—A Sing-song—The Temple of Five Hundred Gods— The City Wall and Scenes beheld therefrom—French Head- quarters—Yeh's Park—A threatened Flogging—Our Chaplain .	209
--	-----

CHAPTER XV.

An agreeable Surprise—Ordered to Swatow—Pirates—The weary Anchorage again—Pay-day and Auction Sales—Relief at last— Happy Highflyers—Departure from Whampoa—Hurrah for Home!—Working with a Will—Departure from Hong-Kong— Caught in a Cyclone—The Trades—Glorious Sailing—The <i>Roman Emperor</i> —Do you want the Longitude?—Snarley-yow's Growl —Simon's Bay—Departure from the Cape—The Long Pig or the Short Pig?—The Bill of Portland—Anchor at Spithead— Wives and Sweethearts—Joys and Sorrows—The Chaplain's Advice—Pay-day and Liberty—Home—Getting a Discharge— Conclusion	228
---	-----



A SAILOR-BOY'S LOG-BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

Why I went into the Navy; and how—To Portsmouth—The old Guardho—Well, Youngster! what do you want?—The Main-deck—Encouraging Reception—Agree to enter for Ten Years—A hard Supper, and harder Pillow—Turning in and turning out—Rouse and Bit—A Chance for a Wash—Pipe to Breakfast—What the Doctor said—I am passed—Starboard and Port—Knots and Hitches—Handling a Boat—Feather and Toss—My first Uniform—A Ditty-box—The Mast-head—Cutlass Drill—Rifle Drill—Big Gun Exercise—Splices, left-handed Eyes, Matthew Walker, and Turk's Head—Old Pipes—Hawser-eye and Dead-eye—Compass and Lead-line—The *Sealark*—Sore Feet—A Day's Work—Out on a Cruise—Distress—The wrong Signal—Return to the Guardho—The *Highflyer*—Are you Napoleon Bonyparte?—A Lambasting.

LIKE many an English boy who quits school and the playground for the counter or workshop, I did not find it at all easy to settle down, for I had devoured *Robinson Crusoe* and not a few books of travel and wild adventure, and thought ploughing the main and seeing foreign countries would suit me much

better than learning how to sell locks and hinges, kettles and scythes. Persuasion was tried on me as it has been and will be on others; but I was not to be persuaded, having made up my mind to become a sailor. So on a very cold winter day, which seemed to chill my naval ardour, as the third-class train rolled leisurely to its destination, I presented myself at the admiral's office in Portsmouth dock-yard, holding in my hand a small trunk, which contained my little stock of clothing and sundries, and was forthwith sent away in a boat to the *Illustrious*, training-ship, which lay moored about half a mile from the shore. I was surprised, not to say startled, to see how big the old Guardho looked as we drew near, and might have indulged a little sentiment, but the men rowing to the foot of the gangway on the port side (there was a proper stair on the starboard side), cried, "Now, my lad, up ye go." It wouldn't do, I thought, to hesitate; so taking my trunk in one hand, and seizing the man-rope with the other, I scrambled up what then seemed to me a dangerous wooden wall. It was an awkward way of beginning a new career, and not very encouraging; for no friendly welcome awaits the novice who wishes to serve his Queen and fight for his country. It was getting dark; the deck appeared deserted: I could see lights gleaming from below, and hear a confused

hum of voices ; and I stood shivering, uncertain what to do, when the old quartermaster of the watch came up and accosted me : “ Well, youngster, what do you want ? ”

“ I want to be a sailor,” I answered, very innocently. The old fellow chuckled at my answer, as though he had said, “ Another simpleton caught by a biscuit ! ” and bade me come below ; an order which I obeyed with alacrity, or rather ‘ smartly,’ and dodged the footsteps of my rough guide. We got on the main-deck, where I for the first time saw a cannon. There was a long row of guns, and as they loomed, black and indistinct, in the uncertain light of the ship’s lanterns, I thought how grim and uncomfortable they looked, and whether I should come some day to know all about them. Farther for’ard groups of novices and older hands were smoking, singing, talking, and laughing loudly : some of them observing me, sung out, “ Another entry ! ” and I heard, among their exclamations, “ Here’s another new cock for the county-gaol ! ”

During the few moments I had observed all this, I had been left by my conductor, who had gone to acquaint the commanding officer with my arrival. In my ignorance I expected to see the captain ; but he slept on shore every night. Soon, however, I saw the lieutenant come out of his cabin, looking, as it

seemed to me, very proud and very happy at the prospect of pocketing another half-crown by the new entry.

“Well,” said he, can you read?” Most certainly I could. “Well, then, look at that,” and he handed me a bill, pasted on a board, stating the advantages of serving one’s country in the royal navy, scale of wages, provisions, and a list of necessary clothing. I read the bill, and gave it back, telling him I fully understood it: “Then you’ll enter for ten years’ continuous service, will you?”

“Yes, sir,” I unhesitatingly answered.

This ended the conference, and left me at liberty for the night. I was shown the way to the bread-room on the lower deck, where the purser’s steward and I soon made an acquaintance, by his giving me my handkerchief full of good sound Clarence-yard biscuit, with which I was soon deeply engaged, and fancied it much better than the bread I had eaten at home and at school. My teeth had not finished their first lesson when the master-at-arms sent for me, and having asked my name, gave me a bed and blanket, and told me very graciously that I could ‘turn in’ as soon as I liked. Feeling tired and lonely I went below at once, laid my mattress on the orlop-deck (ollop, as sailors call it), and taking two of the shot from the rack, spread my coat and trousers over

them for a pillow, and wrapping myself in the blanket, I turned in, and soon slept soundly. I awoke once during the night, and for a moment forgot that I had left home, till the melancholy rippling of the water against the bends, and the striking of the bell, recalled me to a sense of my new situation and my future prospects.

I was roused the next morning in true naval style, by the unmelodious pipe, and the gruff voices of the boatswain's mates: "Rouse out, here! rouse out! Show a leg and a purser's stocking! Rouse and bit: lash away! lash away!" and other admonitory cries, to me seemed uncouth and strange, and at last I wondered how they could make such a noise. I rolled up my bed and put it away, and then went to the washhouse on the main-deck, where about forty zinc wash-bowls were ranged, each with an unlimited supply of water and plenty of soap. First come first served; all hands watched for a chance, got a sluice as they could, and wiped themselves afterwards on their own towels—if they had one. Some had no towels, and wiped anywhere, not being over-particular; and with them it was a good joke to single out a new entry, who is pretty sure to have a clean and dry towel; and while he is busy at his bowl, these fellows, with easy consciences, wipe themselves upon his towel, and fling it into some corner,

leaving the helpless owner to wipe himself upon his own shirt if he likes. I waited for a short time, and presently got a wash and the loan of a towel from a very disinterested shipmate. After this we were piped to breakfast, and the whistling gave me as much surprise as my rude awakening had done. My first half-pint of cocoa in the service was very good, which is more than I can say of my last, for that was too full of horrors. Soon after breakfast I was sent for by the doctor. I went down to the dispensary, a small cabin on the lower deck. "Strip!" was the order. I complied. The man of medicine now began his examination. He looked first at my mouth and teeth, then felt the muscles of my arms and legs, telling me to make one step backwards or forwards; then, "Cough, will you? but don't do it in my face. Cough again—again. Were you ever ill? Did you ever break an arm or a leg?" and "Have you been vaccinated?" All these questions comprised my catechism, and I was not a little glad when told that I was passed, and might put on my clothes again and "go." I didn't do any actual duty that day; I was merely initiated into the routine of a ship; taught to distinguish the stem from the stern, the mizen from the mainmast, and that again from the fore, and the same with the hatchways, and finally, the important fact that the right side of a

ship was called 'starboard,' and the left side, 'port.' I was quite elated at my day's training, and began to think I was now really a sailor. The next day I was put into 'First Instruction,' which means standing up to make the knots and hitches most in use, and being shown the proper way to lash up a hammock. The knots were mostly very simple and easy, but I now and then got treated as a 'muff' by blundering into a difficulty where none existed.

Three days was I knot-making, then advanced into 'Second Instruction,' learning how to pull an oar and handle a boat. The first thing necessary was to pull together, and very trying it was for those who could do so to suffer for those who couldn't or wouldn't, for till every oar dipped in the water as one, the coxswain wouldn't cry "Oars!" which gave us a moment's rest. Those who could pull well were soon picked out and put into a better boat, taught the way to feather and toss an oar, and the modes of saluting officers upon the water. For a lieutenant the coxswain only gets up and takes his cap off; for a captain, the boat's crew lay on their oars, and the coxswain takes his cap off; and for an admiral, the oars are tossed, and all caps go off. All this I went through very creditably; the novelty of the thing made it a pleasure in my inexperienced eyes. While in this Instruction, I received my clothes, viz.: one

pair of blue cloth trousers, two blue serge frocks, two pair of white duck trousers, two pair of white jumpers, two pair of stockings, two white frocks, three flannels, two caps, one knife, and a marking-type; all of which Government supplied for the moderate sum of 3*l.* 10*s.*, including bed and blanket; but although Government pays this much, or did pay at that time, it was said in the ship that the things did not cost so much, and that the contract tailor, the master-at-arms, and the ship's corporal, made a profit out of the job, and shared it among themselves. My shore-going togs I made up into a neat bundle, and when the man who generally bought the cast-offs came on board I offered them for sale, but as he only bid sixpence for the entire suit, I gave them away.

After this I had to 'do away' with my little trunk, as, according to the regulations of the service, we were not allowed the use of a box bigger than a tea-caddy; sailors call it 'ditty box,' and in it they keep all their hoarded stock of valuables, and often they indulge in what is called 'sailors' pleasure,' turning everything out of their little treasury, overhauling the heap, and carefully putting it back again.

The white jumpers and trousers were as stiff as pasteboard when first put on, nevertheless I felt great pleasure at my appearance, and wouldn't have ex-

changed my position for a better one on any account. In fact, as sailors say, I was as proud as a "dog with two tails."

As soon as I was made a sailor I was ordered to the mast-head, and cautioned not to go up through 'lubber's hole.' I executed the order very well, and upon coming down was complimented upon my evident willingness and alacrity. I felt no giddiness or hesitation while performing this task; it seemed almost natural to me, and I was vain-glorious enough to be proud of having scrambled up the rigging, and gone over the 'futtock shrouds.'

On the tenth day I was passed from the boats into Cutlass Drill, or 'Third Instruction,' being taught first the various attitudes, the order of which was, "first position in three motions. One, lock the arms smartly behind the back; two, place the right foot in the hollow of the left; three, quarter-face to the right." Then, "the same positions in one motion; then, "the way to pick up and ground your cutlass; come to the guard; assault, first point, second point, third point, parry." Then the different cuts and guards.

About twenty of us learned this drill at once, which was with most a favourite drill. Our instructor, Jim Clements, was an old marine, and many a wet of grog had he from numskulls and fools, for his liberal con-

nivance at faults and petty weaknesses ; but, be it known, these instructors in training-ships are little gods on board, and one word from them is well-nigh sufficient to crush a poor novice, let him be right or wrong ; and woe to those who have the temerity to offend a trainer. Clements was very exact with us, and not choice in his expressions when any one blundered, and was fond of consigning the defaulter to some less agreeable place than the deck of the *Illustrious*. Three days in this, then in Rifle Drill, which is part of the third instruction. We were taught how to use the weapon ; the platoon, and various exercises, and, finally, to fire, which operation most of us liked ; albeit, some made but poor marksmen, others fired with great accuracy, and a third lot were so timid, that, failing to pull the trigger vigorously, the piece hung fire, and they looked sheepish, and if it went off and kicked they looked about as if they'd lost something, and didn't seem exactly to know whether they were in this or the middle of next week. We used to fire at some old stakes in the mud when the tide was down, over the 'quarter' of the ship, and in the direction of Porchester Castle, at a range of about two hundred or two hundred and fifty yards. Our various shots—ten in number—were all put down on a printed form, and the result was read to us afterwards. I may place myself in the class of poor

marksmen. I was too careless, I fancy, to be a good shot. However, good or bad, I was passed out at the week's end. Then came the 'Fourth Instruction'—big gun exercise—and under the rough, but able teaching of John Carter, gunner's mate, we soon made visible progress; being taught first the different parts of a gun, the difference between the muzzle and the breech, its weight, the charges used for different ranges, the uses of the train, and two side-tackles; and, lastly, how to dismount a gun. I took great delight in this drill, and when in full operation, such as "four rounds quick firing, second and third round sponge, load and shift breechings," it was much better than handling a musket all day. Having passed creditably out of this, I joined the 'Fifth Instruction,' under the boatswain, an officer of the old school, zealous in duty and for the service, and utterly disdainful of all new-fangled work. From him I learned to make all sorts of splices, short-long, long-short—a combination of both; eye, left-handed, and all useful knots, such as 'shroud,' 'man rope,' 'Matthew Walker,' and 'Turk's head.' Making and remaking these gave us a thorough insight into their construction, and Old Pipes took care that nothing should be slurred over, or done in a hurry. His precept invariably was, "Do it well, my lads, and take your time; never mind bearing a hand." Three weeks was I

under Pipes's tuition, and then I was transferred to the 'Sixth Instruction,' a continuation of the fifth into things more complicated, such as putting an eye into a hawser, making sword, thrum, and paunch mats, turning in a dead eye. Our instructor, in this case, was a middle-aged seaman, very good-tempered, and always willing to explain and tell something new. We all liked him. In this Instruction also we used to have lessons with the model-rigged ship in the schoolroom, learning the uses and names of all the ropes. Then into the 'Seventh and last Instruction : ' the compass and lead line. These were soon acquired, and we were set down as 'passed boys,' and fit for any emergency, and ready to go away into a 'sea-going craft.'

We were six months in mastering all the instructions, and then, to test our knowledge and ability, a certain number of us were selected and sent on board the *Sealark*, a brig kept for the purpose of short cruises in the Channel, during which the novices learn something more of seamanship, actually at sea. We were 'told off' for the brig the evening before our start, and I remember I was in a state of considerable excitement, and couldn't sleep well for the thought of it. Early the next morning we heard the pipe, "Away there, Sealarks!" and, putting our bags and hammocks into the launch, we pulled off to

the brig, which lay some distance down the harbour. It was Saturday forenoon, and the little vessel had been cleaned 'fore and aft,' and looked the very picture of neatness and 'man-of-war' sternness. Upon going on board we were told off to our different stations, messes, and berths. I was made 'maintop-gallant-yardman,' No. 60, and for a long time my elevation was a source of discomfort. Having to run aloft without shoes was a heavy trial to me, and my feet often were so sore and blistered that I have sat down in the 'top' and cried with the pain; yet up I had to go and furl and loose my sails; and up I did go, blisters and all. Sometimes the pain was so bad I could not move smartly, and then the unmerited rebuke from a thoughtless officer was as gall and wormwood to me; but it used to call out my latent energies, and although my exertions were put forth to the utmost, I had by the stinging influences of these rebukes to put forth a still greater amount of desperate but not unwilling energy. Our duties here were of a more decided and active character than they had been in the Guardho, the usual daily course being, five A.M., "Turn hands up; holystone or scrub upper deck; coil down ropes; half-past six, breakfast, half an hour; call the watch, watch below, clean the lower deck; watch on deck, clean wood and brasswork; put the upper deck to rights. Eight A.M., hands to

quarters ; clean guns and arms ; divisions for inspection ; prayers ; make sail, reef topsails, furl topsails, top-gallant-sails, royals ; reef courses, down top-gallant and royal yards." This continued till eight bells, twelve o'clock. Dinner, one hour. "All hands again ; cutlass, rifle, and big-gun drill till four o'clock ; clear up decks, coil up ropes ;" and then our day's work was done. On other days it would be, "Up anchor, make sail," and away we would go, gliding merrily through the blue water, out of the harbour, past St. Helen's, through the *Needles*, inaptly named, and so into the open sea. And then such doings when a little sea happened to be 'on ;' such wry and pale faces, such furious efforts to keep the food within bounds, such utter prostration and dogged indifference to the future, when, by-and-by, a nice fresh breeze springing up, "Reef topsails !" would be the order. The rigging quickly swarmed with eager youngsters ; up they would go and 'lay out' upon the yard, and while busily engaged in hauling out the earrings and tying the reef-points, their formidable enemy would again triumph. The belly of the sail to leeward, our own faces and patches of the deck below showed the signs of a strong upheaval. On these occasions our instructors would come out with, "Ah ! it's a sin for you to eat ; you're only wasting good grub." Our master, a stout devil-may-care kind of man, rough and ready in his manners,

but having plenty of good sound sense, and a strong touch of kindness, on one of these occasions, when standing on the 'fokesle,' superintending operations aloft, and irritated at being the object of such a shower, sung out in his peculiar drawling tones, "Fore-topsail-yard there! I wish you'd keep your four-pound pieces to yourself." This was jocularly comparing the pieces which fell to the pieces of beef, four pounds each, which are put into the coppers to boil for dinner. This sea-sickness with some was a lamentable affair; they would lay down on the deck and there remain, spite of kicks and cuffs liberally bestowed by the boatswain's mate, and notwithstanding their being washed down every now and then as the lively little craft dipped her figure-head. I, however, was happy and glorious all this time; I never had the slightest touch of sea-sickness. I used to take delight, when the blisters healed and the soles of my feet became hardened, in my duties, which were active and novel. I endeavoured also to keep a blank page against my name in the defaulter's book. But I was near getting its fair surface stained one day by what to me seemed a trifling incident. I was stationed on the poop, or the apology for one—as is usual in a brig—to look out for signals. It was nearly twelve (eight bells). Just then the master appeared on deck, but was deeply engaged with a yarn, which he was

twisting to a friend. As he came aft, he said, "Look out for your dinner pendant, youngster." "Ay, ay, sir," I answered; "I have it bent on." And, in truth, I thought I had. Well, the bell struck noon. "Up with your pendant!" cried the master; and up I hoisted the little roll of bunting to the mast-head and broke it, when, by ill luck, instead of the dinner pendant blowing out, it was the 'affirmative.' "Well, you *are* a pretty fellow," said the master: "*you* a signalman! Here! fetch me that glass." I obeyed, and as I handed the telescope to him he made a hit at me, but fortunately missed his aim; so he consoled himself with saying "I was a fool, and he'd a mind to punish me." So ended my signal duties.

Our commander was a clever seaman and gentlemanly man, and he it was who always used to read prayers, and his mode of reading was characteristic. After going through all, he would finish thus: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all, amen. Away aloft, topmen, loose top-gallant-sails and royals. Carpenter! rig capstan." All this without a pause, and as if it had been actually part of the benediction.

I was in the brig three months, during which we made cruises to Cowes, Weymouth, Lyme Regis, Plymouth, and short distances in the Channel; and at the end of that time I was judged to be fit for active service, and with a clear defaulter's book, and

more experience, returned again to the more sober duties of the Guardho. This was seven months after my first entry into the service. Being now of some real use, we were entrusted with a few hands to keep certain parts of the ship clean; and our special duty was to wash down the ship's side and clean the white streak every Saturday morning. We were exempt from all drills, and were allowed to improve ourselves in our profession in any way we pleased; but we were not allowed to be idle, and, indeed, I believe we didn't want to be.

At length deliverance drew nigh, and my wish to get into a sea-going craft was realised beyond my expectations. The captain sent for me, and gave me my choice, to go either to a large or small ship, and recommended me to the *Cressy*, ninety-four, fitting out as he understood for the South American station, of which he spoke in glowing terms. I chose the small ship, the *Highflyer*, and together with another youngster was sent on board the following evening; or at least on board the hulk where the men berthed; the ship herself lying in the steam-basin. As soon as I was aboard the captain saw me, asked me one or two simple questions, told me he hoped I would get on, and dismissed me. I was soon afterwards stationed, and slept that night among my new shipmates.

On going to work next day with the men in the

rigging, I was perfectly delighted with my new ship. How tremendously long she did seem! what a pretty build! how fine a figure-head! and, in truth, the dashing, fast-sailing, and pretty-modelled corvette was a great contrast to the lumbering, heavy-looking, and old-fashioned seventy-four. I joined my new ship as a boy, but this didn't daunt me. I tried to make myself useful everywhere; and when the men saw I was really willing, they were always ready to show me how to set about a job in my new profession. And I was always trying to keep a civil tongue in my head, although it was very hard trying, and I oftentimes suffered for being 'cheeky;' for many are the small mortifications a fellow must submit to, or else he is always in hot water. If a boy thinks he is somebody before joining, he soon finds his mistake, for all consideration is for officers; even petty officers can make him feel how insignificant he is. As an instance: I was standing rather moodily on the main-deck in the *Guardho* one day, with my arms crossed, my thoughts travelling far away, when a disagreeable voice sung out, "Hi, you there!" Looking up, I saw it was the gunner. "Well, d'ye hear! Who d'ye think ye are—Napoleon Bonyparte, or who?" I said nothing, but took the hint and walked off.

My conduct, if it didn't gain me any new friends, I'm sure made no enemies. I was put into the fore-

top, and my duties were to run up and down for the men, to knot spun-yarn, pass the ball in rope-serving, blacken nettle stuff for seizing, and other odds and ends.

I soon learned the power of a first-lieutenant—however vague my notions of one might have been before. All the boys were piped to muster. I was at the time making ‘duff,’ that is, pudding, as were also one or two others; the rest were scattered, so that by-and-by down comes the corporal to collect us, and aft we were marched to the quarter-deck, where No. 1, in a towering passion, after looking nasty at us for a minute, made us ‘toe a line’ for two hours; in other words, we had to stand in a row on the quarter-deck. But we didn’t much care, it was summer-time, and a beautiful evening; our spirits might not have been so brisk had it been raw, cold, and wet, during the period of our penance.

As boys, we worked hard at sundry jobs during the day, and when the night came we waited hard upon the men, standing our chance for an occasional kick, or stinging box on the ear from the surly ones. But we were happy among ourselves; like birds of a feather we all kept together, and always endeavoured to steer clear of the men, and not make too familiar, for a thrashing or a good blow was the sure consequences of our attempts at equality.

As the fitting out progressed I had more to do, and one of my first important jobs was to 'black down' the fore-topmast, fore-top-gallant, and fore-royal backstays. I put myself in a bowline, and taking my pot and making it fast to the outside backstay, commenced my work, and did it as I thought pretty expeditiously, taking especial care not to leave 'holidays,' that is, unblackened patches. Alas, for a boy's judgment! When I had finished, and got out of the bowline upon deck, a conceited and bullying boatswain's mate, lurking near, all ready, pounced upon me, and, without any explanation, gave me, in naval phrase, a 'lam-basting,' and when he had finished told me it was for not "bearing a hand." Didn't I have amiable feelings towards that man for a long time afterwards!

CHAPTER II.

At Spithead—Admiral's Inspection—Sail to Plymouth—Departure from England—My first Look-out—How to see—Phosphorescent Waves—Making Sail—Our two Gun-boats—The *Plover's* Hawser breaks—A Growl—Calms and Breezes—A Day's Routine—Work and Watches—Land ho! The Peak of Teneriffe—Anchor off Santa Cruz—A Run on Shore—Mules, Fishwomen, and Shopkeepers—To Sea again—A Taste of Black List—Strike me lucky—Guy Fawkes—Equatorial Weather—Coming down anyhow—A Bit of Fun—Buckets and Hoses—A Drencher for Captain and Chaplain—Cross the Line—Shaving and Bathing—Besiegers and besieged—An Officer's Honour, and a Pig's Feathers—Make him speak, Bulldogs—Shipmates and Messmates—A rough Lick and Black-List.

ON the 2nd of October, 1856, we steamed out of harbour to Spithead, where we bent sails, got powder aboard, and prepared for admiral's inspection. Sir George Seymour, Port-Admiral, came next day, mustered and inspected us. No sooner was the business ended, and he over the side, than it was "up anchor," "loose sails;" and before half an hour had elapsed

the *Highflyer* was under all plain sail, and heading away for Plymouth Sound, where we had to pick up a couple of gun-boats—the *Opossum* and *Plover*—for convoy to China. We ‘beat’ all the way in the teeth of a westerly gale, with plenty of rain and cross lumpy sea, and entered the Sound on the 4th, during the afternoon, and anchored inside the breakwater. We could see nothing of importance, as the two days we lay there were miserably wet and boisterous, and some of the men, natives of the place, said, “’Twas regular west-country weather, for Plymouth was the last place God A’mighty ever made.”

Our two little charges had been waiting for us some time, having fitted out at the port, so they were not sorry when, having filled up with all needful stores, we made the signal, ‘Prepare to weigh;’ and on a beautiful October afternoon, and in a complete but not unpleasant calm, we steamed from behind the quiet shelter of the breakwater, with a tender on each side of us. Ere long the land appeared as a blue bank in the distance, and the waves, which curled and frothed under our bows, were those of the vast Atlantic; and our long voyage to the East had commenced.

Although I felt a sad emotion at leaving Old England, and crossing the wide ocean for the first time, yet the pleasurable feeling of love for novelty predo-

minated. A new ship, new companions, rather different duties, different chiefs, and, above all, the thought of seeing such a number of strange things and countries; all these combined, had I attempted to give way to sadness, would have soon dispelled the cloud, and showed me the bright side and no other. My first night's watch was another novelty, and I felt very proud when it came to my turn to go on the 'look-out;' and I strained my eyes to the utmost, in order to let nothing escape notice. If any one had accosted me then I should, perhaps, have felt too important to answer, so great an idea had I of the responsibility of my post; and, in truth, it is a responsible post, for often through the sleepiness of the look-out, or his carelessness, sad sights has the pale moon looked upon. Our superiors were very strict with us on these occasions; a look-out caught napping, or "doing his eyes good," remained there for another hour, or sometimes all the watch; and in daytime, if on the look-out at the mast-head, and you fail to see a sail before it is seen from the deck, you get a good wiggling. To inexperienced, and at times to experienced eyes, mistakes will happen; for often, after gazing till your eyes ache, the distant speck turns out to be nothing, or you see something, you are not quite certain. Look hard again, wink, rub your eyes, wink again; and then, sure enough, on the distant horizon

you see a speck (which would be invisible to untrained eyes) like a snow-cloud, so white is it, but the shape is unmistakable; so putting your hand to your mouth to drive the sound downwards, you sing out, "Sail on the port beam, sir!" "Very good," responds the officer of the watch; and the result of the winking and eye-rubbing is all over. This is not like the elaborate naval talk which we read in novels of sea-life and adventure: it does not display any sentiment, but is quite practical and every-day like.

Having nothing to do when I came off my post at the end of my hour, I looked over the netting at the water, for a proof of what I had read of its luminous appearance. All round the bows, as the waves dashed against them, appeared like liquid flame, and the ship's wake was a dim track of phosphorescent light.

I seemed to enjoy being in so large a steam-ship, and was fond of looking down the engine-room hatchways at the ponderous but beautifully-working machinery; and long afterwards, when steaming in calm nights, and everything on deck was quiet, I used to fancy the engines said, as they steadily revolved, *Going ahead, sir—going ahead, sir.* For three days we held on our tranquil course, under steam, with smooth and clear water, and no indications of a breeze. At last, in the forenoon of the fourth day,

it came; the engines were stopped, the propeller had to take a holiday, and the boatswain soon gave us work by piping "Up screw;" the little iron capstan was speedily rigged, and we merrily danced the screw up for the first time. "Away aloft; loose sails," was the next order; and soon the ship was covered in a cloud of canvas, and casting off the towing hawsers of the gun-boats we sailed for some time merrily in company. But the breeze freshening we soon outsailed them; and when one dropped rapidly astern we took in our royals and hauled down flying-jib, but as the little craft did not crawl up to us we wore and stood towards her. In all this shortening and making sail I took an active part, because, being fore-royal yardman, I had to loose and furl whenever the order was given; but I liked it, and the motion of the ship was not quite new to me. But before long the weather changed, becoming suddenly squally and rainy, and the wind increasing we took in a reef. The gun-boats made capital weather of it, and we always endeavoured, by keeping under easy sail, not to lose sight of them.

My first Sunday at sea was not very encouraging; it was wet and stormy; and after being drenched for four hours on deck I was at liberty to go below into a stifling atmosphere, and with an empty stomach for another four hours. "Who wouldn't be a sailor?"

We were enjoying the fine weather that followed the three foul ones, when a little incident occurred, which of course all had expected; the *Plover's* good nine-inch cable-laid towing hawser parted. "Shorten sail" again, of course: the royals were taken off, and the stunsails, in a cloud of fluttering canvas, were hauled down for the time. The hauling in of the hawser was not got through without some growling. One old fellow—Frank by name—a notorious hand at it, saying, "Ah! if this here's going to be the game every other day, I know I'll wish them gun-boats to blazes!" "Well, you no call to growl, old Frank; we ain't hardly started yet." "Hallo! Mouth Almighty; is that you?" retorts old Frank. The hawser was soon spliced, and, by means of a line with a buoy attached, paid out to the gun-boat; and we took her in tow once more. The next incident that enlivened the monotony of our routine was the sight of a fine shark, which we coaxed, but in vain, with all sorts of delicate baits. Then it fell calm, and for forty-eight hours we were rolling and straining about with an ocean around us like glass, but whose bosom heaving with the long heavy swell tossed the buoyant craft about anyhow. Then the breeze blew once more, and we youngsters began to look eagerly for land; and we quite envied the man at the mast-head his chance of first seeing famed Teneriffe. But before we do see it, let's have a look at our daily routine at sea.

Four A.M., "Watch and idlers to muster" (cooks, stewards, and boys, are termed idlers). Five A.M., "Watch and idlers coil up ropes; wash and scrub upper deck." Three-quarters of an hour, "Coil down ropes." Then, if all plain sail were on the ship, "Reset sail; take another pull of all halyards; *sweat* the light sails up *taut*." Seven A.M., breakfast. Half an hour, "Call the watch; watch below clean lower deck;" watch on deck as requisite. "Divisions;" prayers. Twelve noon, dinner. Two P.M., "Call afternoon watch;" employed on deck. At four, "Call the first dog-watch." And so on, with but little variation from day to day; nothing meeting one's gaze but the boundless waste of wild blue water, enlivened now and then by a sail.

At last, on the morning of the 22nd, we sighted land from the mast-head, and ere long it was visible from deck, looming grandly on our starboard bow. The peak itself towering majestically above the clouds, and capped with snow, was a grand and striking sight as we drew nearer and nearer, till evening. We lay 'on and off' the island all night, and getting the first of the sea-breeze at daybreak of the 23rd, sailed into Santa Cruz roadstead, clewing up and furling all sails, and giving the governor a salute of twenty-one guns, which was rather promptly returned by the lazy Spanish soldiers from one of the dilapidated and worn-out looking forts.

It was a great treat to me, and in fact most of us youngsters, to look upon land again, and get a glimpse of green trees and quiet-looking houses. The island has a rocky and sterile appearance from the sea. I went once on shore, and of course I saw the houses, vineyards, churches, and Plaza, which latter, during some of the work-days, has a very lively appearance. Mules do most, if not all, the goods traffic, and it is amusing to watch the drivers as they shout, and cut all sorts of capers at their animals, which patiently toil on down to the landing-place with their different loads. First, they launch forth a long string of abuse; and secondly, they deliver a most unmerciful shower of blows on the backs of the poor beasts. These muleteers are generally fine men. The dress of the fish-women on the landing struck me as being very picturesque, and it is a pretty sight to see them with their baskets of fish on the beach, the rays of the early morning sun falling happily on their red and blue scarfs and snowy white aprons, and still more showy head-dress. They wear no shoes or stockings. It seemed to me that the town had a very eastern look about it, on account of the houses being only two stories, and flat-roofed and white-washed. The streets are wide, and pretty clean. The shopkeepers didn't appear to be overburdened with business: many were sitting at their doors,

dreamily smoking their pipes in the warm noonday sunshine.

We lay here five days, taking in fuel and provisions, and early on the morning of the 28th the screw was again set in motion, and out we steamed, with our two chicks in tow, and away we sped on the open sea, with smooth water beneath us and a bright sky above, until the wind helped us once more; and very pleasant did our southward course appear to me. But one day the first-lieutenant ordered me with a message to one of the engineers. I couldn't find the man, and in my simplicity came back and reported my failure to the officer. "Oh, you can't! To the mast-head with you! Up ye go, now!" So up I went, and sat there for two hours, and when I came down, without any word of ado or explanation, he gave me "four days' number two black list," which, interpreted, means I had to drink my grog on the quarter-deck, and stand there for one hour at dinner-time, and again for an hour and a half in the evening, during my own time. In this way a little variety was made in one or two of my pleasant days within the tropics. Of course shipmates and messmates make remarks upon one another's punishment. "Well, John," says Briggs to me, "what did ye get? what did he do to you?" "Oh, so and so!" "Well, strike me lucky, I'm blest if that ain't a shame! I hope the

black muzzled rascal 'll croak afore morning," are some of the expressions used on such occasions.

On the 5th of November we made up a guy, and having paraded him round the decks, and sung in memorable verse his atrocious crime, triced him up to the foreyard-arm, with a lantern tied to his feet, the admiration of all beholders; after which he was hauled down and well tarred, and we set him on fire and hove him overboard. He floated a long way astern, blazing fiercely, till one wave bigger than the rest doused his light, and we gave three hearty cheers at his double punishment.

On the 12th we neared the line, and began to have a specimen of equatorial weather: tremendously hot, with squalls and rain, not such rain as I had been used to; but it "came down anyhow," and, as Jack would say, "it hadn't time to rain." It seemed to me as if the words were literally verified, "And the windows of heaven were opened." The thunder and lightning in these regions made a great impression on me. I had formed a kind of vague idea of the thing, but the reality, on the open sea and at night, quite undeceived me.

Of course we had a bit of fun on the line; old hands know all about it, but this is to amuse boys. The evening of the day before we crossed we were made aware of our trespass on Neptune's estate by

the tops being alive with men, who drew up water in fire-buckets with long lanyards from alongside, and hove it down on the astonished mob beneath. Hoses were laid along the decks from the foremost pumps, and these being well manned below, those on deck, who of course were passed hands, pointed their spouts at whom they pleased. I went on deck with only a thin pair of cotton drawers on. I hadn't been up ten minutes before the hose had been pointed at me often, and I soon took rather an active part in being drenched and drenching. The hose spared nobody, not even the captain, an old sailor. I see the gallant chief as he appeared that evening; he was coming leisurely up the companion-ladder, as was his wont, when the hissing column of water, aimed full in his face, utterly surprised him for the moment; but he soon recovered, and fisting a bucket of water which stood handy, capsized it over his tormentor. Our good chaplain, too, was most pitiably drenched, and was fain to betake himself below again with all possible speed. This was the prologue. The next day, 14th, we crossed the line, and now, boys, pay attention, if you want to know what a sea-going frolic is. A lower stunsail was stretched over the gangway, forming a sort of basin, or bath, which was filled with water; for sailcloth, being closely woven and of stout material, holds water well. Delicately balanced upon

a grating over this bath was a stool, upon which the novices had to sit, in order that, having gone through the first forms, they might be in an excellent position for the second, that is, the 'dousing.' The greenhorn being placed on the stool, was asked, "What's your name? Where d'ye live?" No sooner did he open his lips to answer, than the shaving-brush, primed with filthy lather, was thrust suddenly into his mouth. It was no good to kick against it, for this was always resented by a threefold dose. The victim was afterwards shaved with a piece of smooth iron hoop; the 'bumptious' ones had the benefit of the first-class razor, with great notches in the edge, assisted by a more nauseous and unctuous lather, and rendered more effectual by a series of thumps and kicks. Finally, he was canted head over heels into the aforesaid sail, where the 'bears' soon fisted him, and gave him, while still half stupefied and bewildered, a shameful ducking, whether he liked it or not, and then let him go.

But while all this was taking place on deck, a different scene was going on below, where most of the men having resolved not to be shaved, had unshipped the hatchway ladders fore and aft, and congregated in a body, so that if the shaving party showed their noses below in order to force the unwilling ones up, they might get what they didn't bargain for. One

or two attempts were made to drag up some of the youngsters, but our side gallantly rescued us, and the advocates for the razor drew off discomfited.

All this time there was a precious noise below, and, as one of the west-country men said, "We were all talkers and no harkeners." At last the third lieutenant made bold to come from the wardroom and approach our entrenchment: we let him come pretty close, and heard his request that we would drop all this nonsense and get shaved; but, no; the men wouldn't hear of such a thing, and he was pelted back with sundry dirty swabs and other missiles into his own quarters. The other officers, seeing him defeated, desisted from any further parleying for a time, and we were left to ourselves; except now and then an attempt at surprise by the upper-deck party; but it wouldn't do; we were on our guard, and always pelted them off.

At last, the men getting quiet, the first-luff came forward, and calling one of the men by name, said he wanted to speak to him: "Oh no, sir—you want to get me shaved. I'd rather not come, sir." "But," says the officer, "I'll give you my word of honour I won't harm you." "Yes," sings out somebody from the crowd, "honour hangs about you like feathers on a pig." The officer now began to be irritated:

"Oh, I know what you want, sir," says the man.
"You don't catch me like that."

At last the officer lost his temper; perhaps all the quicker because of the wet cloths and swabs with which he was kept aloof. However, by dint of threats, he got the man out, and of course the lieutenant marched him in triumph on deck, where he was shaved with a vengeance. Seeing their cause lost, the men submitted, and one by one sneaked up and went through the ordeal. I had been waiting to go through the process for some time; at last the stool was vacant. I jumped up. "What's yer name?" No answer. "What's yer name?" Still speechless. "Make him speak, bulldogs," says Neptune. Whereupon a little girl (Neptune's daughter), assisted by her brother, bit my toes unmercifully. "Oh! oh!" I cried, when dab went the nasty brush into my mouth. Then old Nep said, "Pass him through, he's a quiet character," and capsized me over to the care of the bears, who dipped me under once; and then scared and gasping for breath, I scrambled out of the sail. These bears are men who stand in the sail, ready to receive and duck the novice as he descends from the stool. I didn't relish the rough handling and treatment, and the severe sousing, but I submitted with as good a grace as possible, and took my turn at laughing at my comrades who succeeded

me. After all the new men had gone through their initiation the decks were cleaned up, the sail was triced up to dry; and discipline again prevailed. So ended our homage to Neptune.

I had begun by this time to know my new shipmates and their different dispositions. Some among them, like myself, were making their first voyage, and had come to sea to gratify a roving fancy; but the hope of seeing other people and countries kept them from dwelling too much upon thoughts of home and repentance for the past. My messmates I had also learned to know and understand, and although most of them were rough and rude, and one or two sour-tempered and illiterate, there was generally a warm heart underneath, and I was never molested on account of my book-reading and quiet-loving propensities. But go to sea if you want to know what a rough lick from an officer's tongue feels like and produces. One dinner-time I went aft to fetch something, when the first-lieutenant, who was walking the weather-side, called out, "Here, hi! where are you going?" I answered; and he went on: "Sir, what are ye laughing at?" (There was not a smile on my face.) "I'm not laughing, that I'm aware of, sir." "Oh! you're *not* laughing? Stand there. Quartermaster, go for the master-at-arms." While that personage was coming, the lieutenant declared

he would teach me to tell lies. "I didn't tell a lie, sir," said I, indignantly. "Silence! I'll gag ye if you say another word." Bitter tears rose to my eyes, but I kept them down.

By-and-by Jondy came up, touched his cap to the lieutenant: "Sir?" "Give this boy five days' black-list, for insolence, and contempt of the quarter-deck." I was dismissed with feelings not easy to describe. I know I heartily hated that man from my first experience of him; and he would always—deserved or not—come down upon me. Most of the men disliked him thoroughly, and nicknamed him "Black Jack," and the "Devil's own Play-mate;" and they often used to say, after he had been punishing unjustly, "I don't wish him no harm; only hope he'll fall down and break his neck. Yes, and if he was to fall overboard, I'd heave him a grindstone, or shove my hands in my pockets."

CHAPTER III.

Cape Frio—Arrive at Rio de Janeiro—Magnificent Harbour—An Hour on Shore—Crucifix-bearers—Wooden Collars—The Captain's good Advice—Christmas Day—Plum-duff—Close-reefed Topsails—A Sight of Tristan de Acunha—The Gun-boats cast off—Algoa Bay—Foul Weather—Money landed in Surf-boats—Port Elizabeth at a Distance—Discontent—Natal—A Snuffler—Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope—Romantic Scene—Bullock-wagons—A brooming Party—Savage Landscape—A good Word for Government—Sailors' Orchards—A fresh Departure—Four Gun-boats—A Truant—Strait of Sunda—Boatswain Birds—Anjeer—Java—Sumatra—Singapore—Something to laugh at—Waterspout—Arrival at Hong-Kong—The Letter-bag—News from Home.

ON the 3rd of December we were close to Rio, so we painted the *Highflyer's* outside, and touched her up here and there, in order to present a neat appearance in harbour. While we were painting and cleaning it had fallen calm, and we lay rolling about within sight of Cape Frio and the distant mountains till the evening of the 6th, when a light wind springing up carried us into the harbour. As we arrived and

anchored after dark I could not judge of the place, except where the rows of lights reminded me of streets; and I turned in anxious to turn out, and get a sight of much-talked-of Rio de Janeiro. My feelings, after a long passage across the Atlantic, with rough duties, were very joyous, and the scene inspired me with pleasurable emotions.

Daylight showed me the narrow entrance between two lofty hills, one of which, from its shape, is called the Sugar Loaf, and the ranges of solid-looking forts, within which the harbour suddenly widening spreads itself like an extensive lake, sprinkled with many beautiful islands. On the left appeared the city, with its fortifications and shipping; on the right the open country, in all its vegetative richness, and dotted with the gay villas of the luxurious planters. The city stands on a tongue of land, the hills above it are covered with houses, public buildings, churches, and many convents, surrounded by shady groves and rich gardens. Seamen do not see much of foreign countries after all, for I was ashore only about an hour. The streets are narrow, but well paved and lighted, and have plenty of good shops. I observed many little niches, containing an image of the Virgin Mary, which poor people use as chapels. Beggars creep

about, carrying ornamented crucifixes, to which some of the passers-by make a bow, when of course the beggar expects a fee.

We coaled here, and the lighters were brought alongside by blacks, some of whom, lean and haggard, had shackles on their legs, others wore wooden collars, heavily bound with iron. They looked so wretched, and yet worked so hard, that we wished we could have done them some good. Whether they were slaves, or only black convicts, I leave it for others more learned than myself on the subject to say. For my part, though we lay at Rio five days, I got no more than this little glimpse of the Brazilian capital.

We went to sea with fine weather, and for many days had a quiet monotonous life, varied in my own case by the captain sending for me and giving me a little good advice, which I made up my mind to try to keep. He ended by saying, "Be civil to all; be smart; and *always* do as you are told, then you will get on." One effect of this kind word was to make me a little less troublesome to the first-lieutenant.

Nothing occurred to break the dull routine of sea life till Christmas Day, which of course I cannot pass over in silence. Our chaplain read the Church

Service, and preached a sermon, in the forenoon, and after that was over all hands began to think about dinner. In our mess we had a big 'plum-duff,' and a thundering sea-pie made with salt meat, and a dessert of cakes and bananas. During dinner the captain was carried round in a chair, and loudly cheered, according to general custom, the band marching before him, playing, as if in mockery, the *Roast Beef of Old England*. The afternoon was spent as we pleased; but in the evening we illuminated the lower deck with candles, which shone famously, while the captain came round and "spliced the main-brace," after which the hands cheered, and danced, and sang, till they were tired. Later in the night, when nearly all on board were asleep, and all was quiet, remembrances of home and kind faces sitting round the cheerful hearth came strongly to my mind, and tears started to my eyes as I wished I was among them. The whole day's proceedings reminded me of a country fair, and I was glad when all was over.

The same night, during the middle watch, it came on to blow hard; but the captain objected to reef, as many of the hands were not sober, from the effect of their revels, so the watch took in the small sails, and

lowered the topsails upon the cap; even then, and with the two gun-boats in tow, our gallant ship foamed through the seething water eleven and a half knots, and being rather light by the head she kept her decks anything but dry. The next day saw us under close-reefed topsails, with heavy sea and heavy drizzle. If the youngsters who read this want to know what reefing topsails means, here is a notion. The order, "Hands reef topsails!" is followed by a tremendous rush, each one of us striving to be in the rigging before his fellow, treading on one another's fingers, hustling, and well-nigh capsizing a shipmate out of the shrouds. Then holding on by the yard, we get out on the foot-ropes, and gather up the sail as far as the reef-band, and hold it firmly in our grasp, ready to tie the points, while the captain of the top is hauling out the weather-earring, which must be always secured first. All this time it may be raining hard, pelting into your eyes and ears, running in a merry stream down your back; and the yard strains and jerks with the furiously flopping sail till you are all but knocked off. As soon as the weather-earring is hauled out, "Haul out to leeward" is the cry, and the lee-earring is tied; then the impatient officer below sings out, "Sheet home;" "hoist away;" and before you are

barely clear of the yard, the 'sheets' are close 'home,' and the sail rehoisted. You descend to the deck again, the ship staggers on under her lessened canvas, the rain still pelts down upon you, and the loose bottoms of your trousers carry off little rivulets of water. Such watches as these did not tend to make us amiable; and look out for squalls if you put a messmate out in dirty weather. We used to stand pretty much as a donkey does in the middle of a field, silent and sullen; and when the watch was relieved we were always ready to dive below, and get a shift of dry clothes.

On the 6th we sighted at a great distance the island of Tristan de Acunha; it loomed very big in the evening light. Some of our men said that it rises in a sheer precipice six hundred feet above the sea. I noticed plenty of seaweed to-day, and also the beautiful blue tint of the water in some parts, and its exceeding clearness. In calm weather we could see the fishes fathoms deep below the surface.

On the 16th we cast off our two gun-boats, giving them orders to proceed to Simon's Bay, while we headed away for Port Natal, with a slashing breeze on the 'quarter.' The next morning, getting well in, we could see the coast very plainly, bold and moun-

tainous, generally sloping away to the sea, and well wooded, but no signs of habitations. Early on the morning of the 22nd we arrived under steam, and amid tremendous rain, at Algoa Bay ; and here was a pretty place to lie, such a tremendous surf rolling in and breaking in hollow booming waves against the beach. The ship, pitching continually, took heavy seas over the bows and through the hawse-pipes, which flooded our lower deck. All night we kept anchor watch, and had plenty to do in swabbing the lower deck and keeping it free from water. Our watch kept on hard at it every minute of the four hours, and I was not sorry when eight bells struck and we were relieved. I needed no rocking to send me to sleep, and I slept too soundly to have ugly dreams.

We lay here three days before we could do anything, on account of the heavy surf, and after all the money which we had to deliver was landed in surf-boats, under the charge of an officer. As I did not go ashore I could only see Port Elizabeth from a distance. It is built on the wild slope overlooking the bay, without much regard to fitness of style. It does, however, a great and thriving trade in wool and wine, and has two churches, but how they get filled on

Sundays in such a wild-looking place is a question I'm not prepared to answer. The coloured people offer a strange sight to a visitor as they warp him ashore in their boats, with but a scanty show of clothing, and then up with him, pick-a-back, and carry him across the broken water to the beach.

On the 25th we left for Natal. During the trip I had very gloomy and dissatisfied thoughts, getting very sick of the company I was in, and my mode of life. On the 1st of February we dropped anchor in the roadstead of Natal. The country looked beautiful; fine gradually rising hills, densely wooded, even to the water's edge, and large tracts of pasturage. As at other places along this exposed coast, merchandise and passengers are generally landed by surf-boats, which are very buoyant, and well adapted for their use. Not having a chance to go ashore, I saw nothing of the settlement, but I heard it was very flourishing.

We sailed from here shortly after for our proper calling place, Simon's Bay, the port of the Cape of Good Hope, and had a capital run till within a day of the Cape, when we encountered a regular snuffler, but scudded before it under close-reefed main-topsail. The wind howled fearfully among the cordage and

rigging, and soon raised a heavy sea, which sometimes made a clean breach right over the fore-castle and main-deck. To crown all, a misty, cutting sleet came on, and we were tossing about, not exactly knowing our whereabouts, for two days. Then, the gale abating and the fog dispersing, revealed to us the welcome land. We were yet some miles distant, so we made all possible sail, but the wind being light and ahead, we were all that day and part of the next beating in; however, about eight o'clock in the evening of the 8th, we 'let go' our anchor in Simon's Bay.

I was one of the first on deck the next morning, to look at the town. It is prettily situated on the side of a lofty hill, which towers grandly aloft, scantily clothed with herbage, and having rather a wild-looking appearance. The outlines of grim hills in the distance, the deep azure overhead, and the primitive look of the town, rendered the scene quite romantic. The one principal street runs along the foot of the hill, and houses are scattered some distance up its side; this one street is very irregular, and in wet weather not favourable to locomotion. A good trade is done with Cape Town, about twenty-five miles distant; the goods are brought in wagons and

carts, drawn by bullocks or ponies. It is a nice sight to see twenty or thirty oxen, mostly fine animals, drawing a lumbering wagon at a surprising rate along a rocky and sandy road not yet acquainted with Macadam.

While lying here I was one of a brooming-party, who went away into the country to cut stuff to make brooms for the ship's use. How I did enjoy it! It was a green spot in my heart for long after, and even now I recal it with pleasure. Judging from what I saw on this excursion, the country is of the same hilly nature farther inland. As we journeyed along, gloomy-looking hills, covered with gorse and heath, rocks of startling and almost unreal shapes cropping out in all directions, some piled up almost symmetrically, and only wanting imagination to convert them into a rude forest temple, others scattered, blackened, and riven, as if blasted by the hand of some mighty destroyer, were the chief features.

But what surprised me most was the almost total absence of living sights and sounds; not a single whistle or chirrup did I hear to disturb the savage solitude and silence. The only signs of life, besides a few working parties of natives, were now and then a lonely Hottentot farm, whose owner was invariably

kind and hospitable, and who appeared to be contented; for, said he, when asked how he got on, "I makes pretty good money of what I sells, and I like the Gov'ment." These farms had generally a well-stocked orchard, which some of our party treated as if it belonged to themselves, and came away loaded with grapes, peaches, apples, and quinces, as many as they could cram into the breasts of their blue frocks. The grapes were large and luscious; and didn't we quench our thirst with fruit while returning along the rough hilly track, with our load of broom-stuff, in the evening. In some places we saw a good many of the Cape sheep, with their big tails, which seemed to be a wearisome drag. I was glad to get so interesting a sight of Africa, as I had always a feeling of mystery about it, whether on account of its vegetable world, its mighty forests, or its probable future. I longed for another run on shore, where fruit is so cheap, and fish in plenty may be had for the catching. I had hoped, too, for a sight of Cape Town, and to get letters from home, but the town was twenty-five miles distant, and not a letter was there for me. Seamen and seaboys, however, have to bear many a disappointment for the sake of duty.

On the 22nd we sailed for Singapore, with four

gun-boats in company, having to take on with us the *Haughty* and *Forrester*, which the *Cruiser* had left behind, and did not stop to look after. And so it went on, sometimes sail, sometimes steam, till the night of the 24th of March, when we lost one of our little fleet, and had to burn blue-lights and fire signal-guns, but all to no purpose, for when daylight appeared the truant was nowhere to be seen. She had dropped astern at a surprising rate.

April found us still voyaging onwards. On the 12th we saw and passed Christmas Island, at the entrance of the Strait of Sunda. It appeared prodigiously wooded, and rose to a good height from the water. It is not very large; apparently, I should say, about the size of the Isle of Wight; it is about two hundred and eighty miles from Anjeer Bay, and directly in the route through the Strait. Here we caught a bird of a strange character, web-footed, and with plumage of snowy whiteness. There were plenty of birds also hovering at a great height above the ship, called, nautically, 'boatswain birds,' perhaps from their uttering a note somewhat like that functionary's call. They were exceedingly pretty, having beautiful white diamond-shaped feathers in the breast, and long forked tails; they glide about with very grace-

ful motions, and often follow a ship for miles. We arrived in the evening of the next day at Anjeer, and in the morning numbers of small boats put off. Eggs, luscious peaches, pine-apples, guavas, and melons, so tempting as to make one's mouth water to look at them, and all remarkably cheap. A couple of fine fowls can be got for a shilling. On looking ashore but few houses can be seen on account of the density of the foliage, groves of plantain, coffee, spice, and other precious trees, lining the shore to within a yard of the water's edge. The island has a fine appearance, rising majestically in the interior to the height of mountains among which lie beautiful valleys and fruitful plains, glowing in all the glories of a luxuriant tropical vegetation.

As we were on the point of heaving the anchor up for departing, our lost gun-boat rejoined us. When she parted from us she was driven by the gale into St. Paul's, where the captain took in a great stock of salt fish, in case he might not fall in with his consort again, and then made all possible speed to Java Head, and just in time : had we been an hour sooner in our arrangements, or he an hour later, we might not have met again this side Hong-Kong, if ever he got there. Of course she was immediately taken in

tow; for, said our captain to her commander, "I'm determined you shan't be lost again;" and, with one or two exceptions, we towed her continuously from Anjeer to Hong-Kong, about 1250 miles. As we progressed under steam through the Strait, we left behind us Sumatra and Java, and many other and smaller islands, with low-lying shores and a wonderful growth of tangled vegetation, that seemed as if it rejoiced under the tremendous heat that made us all feel so lazy and envious of the cool depths where the shadows of the dense foliage slept far down beneath the unrippled surface of the water. It is in such times as these that the seaman's patience is sorely tried, and his baser or nobler traits called forth. The sun strikes down with intense heat, no friendly cloud tempering his rays; the deck is unbearably hot to the naked feet; the pitch in the sides and seams of the deck melts and oozes out; the tar drops from the rigging; the very anchors at the bows become too hot to be touched, and over oneself comes such an intense feeling of drowsiness and lassitude, that it positively requires an effort even to speak, and one feels happiest when able to lie down. Fortunately, being under steam, we had but little going aloft. Coleridge hit the very thing in his *Ancient Mariner*.

About the middle of April we heard of the disturbances in China for the first time, and also what kind of work we might expect there; but I felt very jolly, and was rather glad I was going to smell powder than otherwise.

We anchored, upon our arrival in Singapore, about two miles from the shore, so that all I could make out was a confused mass of houses, surrounded by trees, and what appeared to be well-cultivated plantations and patches of woodland. A large number of the inhabitants are Chinese, who, with their usual avidity, are trading and working incessantly. Most of the boating work is done by Chinese coolies, who are "notorious thieves," but who work hard. The flags of almost every nation may be seen waving in the breeze from the different shipping which lie in the port. The next day, Sunday the 26th, gave us no rest. We worked as hard then as any other day; it was the first time that I had not observed a Sunday properly, or been exempt from ordinary duty; and in the evening we steamed away from Singapore with our four charges.

About four days after we had been out a laughable incident occurred, which some may not think very likely, but nevertheless it was so. About

two bells in the last 'dog-watch,' the man at the mast-head sung out, "Boat on the starboard bow!" This, of course, put us all on the alert, and we might have been seen in eager expectancy and various attitudes leaning over the netting, or sitting on the bulwarks, but sure enough there was the boat, and the men plainly discernible, about two miles from us. Of course our imagination was worked up as to the boat—how did it come there?—and at last, as the people in the boat seemed very apathetic, some hazarded a conjecture as to its being a boat at all; the majority were certain it was; and the first-luff gave orders for the side-ropes to be rove, and everything in readiness to receive the strangers. Of course we put out of our course and steamed towards it; and when we were about within hail, what should it prove to be but a log of timber, with seven large birds on it, which flew away as we passed them. This occasioned a general laugh, of course, so certain had every one been as to its being a boat. The intense heat may have lent a hand to help the deception.

Our next visitor was a large waterspout, but it didn't pass within a dangerous distance of us; my idea of it was certainly more grand and startling than the

reality. And so at last we reached the end of our long voyage, and about ten o'clock on the morning of the 13th of May we steamed into the harbour of Hong-Kong with our four ducklings, and, steering close to the admiral, anchored under his stern, after a voyage from England of seven months sixteen days. We had sailed in all 19,175 miles, and, considering we had towed the gun-boats 14,000 miles, and brought them safe to port, we had reason to be satisfied with our passage. Our bag of letters came on board, and I had a rare bundle: it was just dinner-time, but I didn't care now for the fat pork and biscuit. I took my letters, and went and sat down between two guns, when I found I had a letter and paper for every mail since my departure. I was soon deep in their contents, and forgot in them my disappointment at the Cape.

CHAPTER IV.

The Pratta Shoal—The Wreck—The Pirates—Another Wreck—Prospect of Hong-Kong—Wantchee Dinner—Up the River—Bocca Tigris—Getting it properly—A Chinese Landscape—Plenty of Swamp-seed—Our Anchorage—Boats to Fatsan—A Dose for the Long-tails—A dark Watch—Capture of Chuenpee—Trophies: un-boiled Goat and boiled Rice—Chasing a Pirate—Bird-scarers—Alarm of Fire—Inspection by Admiral Sir Michael Seymour—The Growlers pacified—Crickets and Bullfrogs—Theatrical Amusement—Discontent—Drop down the River—A Funeral—Hong-Kong, and a Run on Shore—A Prospect—The old Anchorage again—Flogging and Tail-logging—Rowing Guard-boat—Cooking and Story-telling—A Sanpan of Thieves—Prizes without Profit—A Grumble—See-no-more's Fund.

GLAD enough we all were to get to the end of our voyage. I had not had any dinner when the hands were 'turned up,' but I had devoured all my letters. We were not long idle, for the next day we received orders to weigh and proceed to the Pratta Shoal to relieve an English merchant ship which had struck

there, and remained wedged upon the reef. We found her in this position, abandoned, and with all her sails flying loose. She was totally lost, as she had broken her back, and the first gale of wind would wash her off the reef, and she would go down in deep water. We took from her all kinds of gear likely to be useful, and then left her to the mercy of the Chinese pirates, whose junks were hovering about. The principal token of the luckless *Annie* which we brought away was her figure-head, and it was preserved in the ship for years afterwards, and its end was, I believe, fuel for the furnaces. Our next expedition was to Macao, where we had to get old stores out of the wreck of the *Raleigh*.

During the time that we lay at Hong-Kong I had a chance to observe the town, and will try and say a few words about it. It stands at the foot of a lofty and somewhat rugged hill, called Victoria Peak. This hill abounds with springs of the purest water, which trickle down the hill in the hot sunshine with a cooling and pleasant sound; the soil is otherwise unproductive. The general appearance of the town reminded me greatly of Cowes, barring the pretty scenery; the streets are tolerably broad and indifferently paved; the shops are mostly held by

Chinese ; it swarms with beer-shops, which are kept by broken-down mates of merchant vessels, or by runaway convicts. On landing, if you feel disposed for a feed of puppy-pie or grimalkin-pudding, you have only to accompany one of the many cringing Chinamen who run after you, crying, "Wantchee dinner, Jack? Come my hu's ; me got plenty very good ; all samee Inglis fash." There are many substantial and good houses belonging to Government and wealthy colonists. Fans form a great part of the show in the shops, made entirely of feathers, others of silk and lighter stuffs, many of ivory, and you can have the sticks carved by hand to whatever pattern you may order, such as a shield with a coat of arms, or a cypher, or wreath, all finished according to the copy with very great exactness. Models of temples, pagodas, gods, are often worked in ivory, and from the shavings, interwoven with small pieces of quill, the natives make neat little circular and oblong baskets, very light and elegant.

At length, everything being ready, we started for the river. The shore is wild and rocky at its entrance, and at the Bocca Tigris, where the stream narrows suddenly, the tide sets through like a mill-race, and boats often have great difficulty in making headway

against it. We passed the Bogue Forts, which had recently been captured by our people; they were a mere heap of ruins, our shot having told severely upon them. "Them's the Bogue Forts," said the old hands, as we passed. "Johnny got it properly there!" Farther up the shore becomes very flat, spreading away to a range of blue hills in the distance, crowded with well-cultivated fields, skirted by rows of willows or bananas running in all directions, full and leafy, but low of stature. Here and there appears a picturesque village. The river, as I guess, is about a mile broad, and deep and rapid. Long rows of piles stand up in numerous places nearly all across, and native boats and junks dot the surface. About six o'clock we arrived in a quiet bend of the stream, within sight of Dane's Island; the same luxuriant rice-fields spreading still on each side, which occasioned the exclamation more than once from our men, "Well, there's one good job, we needn't starve, for there's plenty of swamp-seed!" And, besides rice, there were groves of orange, bamboo, and ash-trees.

Here we dropped anchor, and sent away the launch and pinnace to Fatsan to take part in the action in the morning. The remainder of us who were left on

board went to quarters, and loaded the guns with round shot and grape in case of surprise. While doing this we didn't talk much, only one or two of us youngsters would ask older hands, "D'ye think we shall have a go in?" and were told to "shut up" for our pains; and every gun as we finished with it we thought "another dose for the Long-tails." The watch was called and kept under arms; the night was intensely dark, and the rain poured down in torrents, and from the adjacent villages we could hear the occasional sullen boom of the gong proclaiming the passage of the night, or the activity of the people, and the savage baying of Celestial watch-dogs. I was on the look-out part of my watch, and I peered into the profound gloom over the bows with keen anxiety, as every ten minutes or so I would hear the often repeated caution, "Keep a good look out there." "Ay, ay, sir," would be the ready response, and my eyes were again straining to pierce through the darkness. Oh! how dreary, and long, and weary seemed that middle watch, and what a welcome sound had the bell when it struck eight, and the other watch was called.

On the 18th of June we steamed down the river to attack Chuenpee Fort, just beyond the Bogue, in an

angle of the stream ; the guns were cast loose, shotted, boarding nettings triced up, and with everything cleared away for action we stood at our guns. We approached the fort, which looked silent and grim, but showed no signs of activity. We came nearer and nearer, and still no hostile movement from the garrison. We got to within thirty yards ; but no, either they were endeavouring to draw us on, or they didn't mean to fight. The *Hong-Kong*, hired steamer, bearing the flag for the time, now sent a 68-pounder over all, but no messenger in reply came from the battery. The marines were quickly landed at the rear of the fort, and, as we half anticipated, found it deserted, with the exception of an old goat and a big copper of boiling rice. All the guns had been buried at the back of the fort, but so hurriedly that the muzzles of several were above ground. We left them undisturbed. Of course this would-be action was a good joke among the men, and many said, " Well, if all Chineese fighting is to be like this, I don't care a bit ; we may as well be doing this as swinging at our moorings ; it's all in the commission." We often used afterwards to revert jocularly to the glorious 18th of June.

As an offset to this, on the same evening, after we

had returned to our anchorage, and as we were mustering for evening quarters, a large piratical row-boat was seen pulling away in shore; "'way there, cutters," was the decisive pipe, and, quickly manned and armed, we started in pursuit. I pulled stroke oar, and did give way with a will. It was a hot and hard chase, and had we not had injunctions to withhold our fire we might have captured them; as it was, they, with their knowledge of every small creek and bayou of the river, and with their flat-bottomed boat, escaped us, and the twilight was fast merging into night when we gave up the chase.

About a week after this we unmoored, and steamed fifteen miles farther up the river to a new billet. As we advanced the river gradually narrowed, the banks rose higher, and the most delightful scenery presented itself; beautiful groves, growing completely down to the water's edge, neat little villages, embosomed in trees; while well-cultivated fields spread away into the distance, skirted by rows of bananas and plantains. In some of the fields, where the crops had been newly sown, little boys were seen, as they are in England, scaring the paddy-birds and crows from the grain, and their "halloo-shoo!" sounded very familiar. Stow the youngster out of sight and you would imagine easily

you heard a little English rustic. It was different where we anchored. Picture to yourself an extensive river, wide and muddy; you are looking east, up stream, and discern lofty rugged mountains and a bend in the stream, where lie two of Her Majesty's ships, *Fury* and *Acorn*. Lower down, and below the barrier, is our ship, her broadsides commanding both banks, which are flat and swampy, and flooded by every tide; on the higher ground flourish crops of water-melons, yams, potatoes; the scenery farther inland is park-like and very rural. We had hardly settled into our place when all hands were startled by an alarm of fire, and every man went to his station, having been drilled for fire as well as firing. But it was nothing of importance, and was soon put out. This was the second since we were in commission; the first happened just as we were leaving Portsmouth. The admiral, Sir Michael Seymour, came up after we had settled into our new berth and inspected us. He expressed himself well satisfied with the ship and crew; but the day before, to have heard many of the sapient Highflyers making remarks, it would have made him seem an "awful fellow." "Well, Bill, I say, the admiral's coming aboard to-morrow, at four in the morning, to inspect us." "Well, God bless him,

Jack, he's a nice old fellow, and I wish him luck." "If I have to turn out at four I shall give him a prayer," growled S. "The old ——," broke in a petty-officer, using a very uncomplimentary word. "He might have waited till after breakfast. We shall have to pull and haul our souls out for him, I suppose." Petty-officers are apt to be wise in their own conceit, and deliver their opinions accordingly. The one in question walked aft with a very dignified air, as if he considered all admirals a bore, but especially this one. "One fool makes many," sung out a forward youngster, for which he received a sound box on the ear from a seaman, but whether justly or not I don't pretend to say. Such was the talk occasioned by anticipations of Sir Michael's visit. After mustering round the capstan for inspection, we went to general quarters, the well-known signal for which was the rapid roll of the drum, embodying the tune *Hearts of Oak*; the guns were soon cast adrift, and actively knocked about, 'extreme trained,' and all but dismounted. The casting loose, loading, and running out, providing of ammunition, were accomplished in three minutes and a half from the roll of the drum, much to the admiral's satisfaction. After this came cutlass exercise, points and parries, thrusts and guards;

and last, but not least, a spell of rifle drill, in which we fired kneeling, forming 'rallying square,' extending from the centre, and the like evolutions. The whole of these operations may have lasted about two hours, and those who growled were considerably mollified when after breakfast we had all the rest of the day to ourselves.

About this time there appears in my log, "I hate this weary lying inactive in harbour; sooner by far would I be at sea, then I could at least learn somewhat of my profession." Sometimes in the evenings we were allowed the use of the launch to sail about the river and bathe, and very often we used to go far up some picturesque creek with the seine and fish till dark, but often, instead of fish, all we got for our trouble was mud and vexation. The nights were often oppressively sultry—it was out of the question to sleep—not a breath of air would be stirring; nothing would be heard but the monotonous chirrup of the crickets, the croak of the bullfrog from the swampy fields skirting the river, and the ripple of the muddy and turbulent stream as it rushed past to mingle its waters with the distant sea. However, even these sounds have a soothing effect on a quiet mind.

On the 13th of July we had an entertainment;

our theatre royal was opened by amateur actors, who played two farces, *Fortune's Frolic* and the *Camp at Chobham*. We thought the acting good and very amusing, and enjoyed it vastly, testifying our approbation by shrill whistling and noisy cries of "Hencore! hencore!" But the effect of this was soon over, and most of us felt very discontented at being kept idle so long, and we thought there would be a danger of our grounding on our own beef bones.

After a time there came a change. We lifted the anchor, dropped down the river, and met with a storm, in which our launch went down with one poor fellow, who was drowned. We recovered his body, and, seeking out a quiet spot, buried him on Tiger Island, where a simple white cross, in a lonely and savage nook, marks his resting-place. I was one of the funeral party, and as we stood, with heads uncovered, listening to our good chaplain reciting the burial service, the tears came to my eyes, as I thought such a fate might be mine, and, far from home and those I loved, I might find a stranger's grave. Then we steamed down to Hong-Kong, where all hands had leave for a run on shore for forty-eight hours. What a treat! How I enjoyed it! On the first day, feeling tired, I didn't exactly know where to go, so I mounted the hill, and

espying a little bamboo hut, I made towards it, and offered a good-natured Chinaman a shilling to let me lie down. He agreed with, "Yes, can do, Jack; all plover;" and on some clean rice-straw I made a luxuriant couch, and lay enjoying the prospect over the town and bay of Victoria, and the neighbouring island of Kow-loon. When thoroughly rested, I strolled down to Happy Valley, which contains the race-course and Christian burial-ground. It is a secluded spot, and very picturesque: low swelling hills encircle it on three sides; on the fourth it is open to the blue and sparkling waters of the bay. The hills are covered with shrubs, firs, and young English forest trees, and look very pretty. The cemetery is situated at the base of one of these hills, shut in by plantations, laid out in good walks, adorned by native plants and well-kept grass, and further by two picturesque chapels; and is so quiet, so profoundly still, one could well feel happy at the thought of being laid in so sweet a spot for one's last long rest.

After the leave was over we returned to our old anchorage, where we presently had a little excitement in the shape of flogging three Chinamen, who had been entering native villages and extorting a tax in the English name. After the flogging, which was

administered on board a junk that lay handy, by a boatswain's mate, their tails were cut off, and they were turned adrift, as a warning to all other cheating rascals.

All this time there had been various rumours of taking Canton, and early in December (1857) a trooper came up with five hundred marines on board. This looked like doing something; but even now we knew nothing positive, save that we got ready our knapsacks, water-bottles, and havresacs in case we were wanted. The river had been in a state of blockade for months, and every night we had to row guard-boat, which, as it gave us something to do, never wanted for volunteers. We used to leave the ship about eight o'clock and pull away at once to our washing-junk, where all the officers' clothes were washed, and make the boat fast alongside. Then, having lit the fire, we put the pot on, with meat and potatoes, or yams, and sat down to smoke our pipes and twist yarns; that is, to tell stories till supper was ready. No one thought of refusing any of that, and it soon disappeared. One hand used to wash up, clean out the pot, and put it on again full of water, all ready for tea when we came back from going the rounds. The distance was, from the junk round the

farthest ship, about a mile, and back to the junk again about twelve o'clock. Then we would have our tea, and sit and talk again till three o'clock; then rounds once more. By the time we could get back it was daylight, so the fire was put out, everything placed in order, and we returned to the ship. As a rule, we were exempt from duty all the remainder of the day; but I have had at times to work hard all day after rowing guard-boat all night.

While we were going the rounds one night, some Chinese boarded the junk and walked off with the 'slack' of a fathom or two of cable. We found it out on our return, and determined to lay wait for them. So, instead of all of us going away, three—myself being one—remained on board, all lying flat down on our breasts in the afterpart, with our pistols in hand ready cocked, and intently listening. No sooner had the splash of the guard-boat's oars died away in the distance, than a sanpan shot out from the sedgy bank of the creek and pulled towards the junk. We let it come close aboard, and one of the rowers was in the act of clambering over the stern, when I fired. He fell back with a yell, and my two comrades, dashing forwards, discharged their pistols at the prowlers. We

heard sundry groans, but the sanpan darted away, and was soon lost to sight.

The guard-boat pulled quickly back, heard our story, and shoved off again in the direction the sanpan had taken, but could see or find nothing. One of the men, however, said he could see a fellow creeping along the banks, under cover of the reeds, and directly fired his musket at the object, but still it was there, and upon our nearer approach we found it to be an old tree-stump. Didn't we laugh at our shipmate—disturbing the silence of the creek with our hearty roars. Then back we went to the junk, and talked over the affair till morning.

Soon after the *Bittern* brig, with mortars on board, and another trooper with marines, came up, making us look for an end to our idleness. Meanwhile we had something to grumble about. Our captain being senior officer in the river, the heavily-laden junks of all classes, which we were continually capturing during the blockade, were moored in-shore near the *High-flyer*, and hands were appointed to keep a look-out upon them. Some were laden with tea and silk, Chinese native manufactures, clothing, grain, salt; in fact, the very articles that were saleable in the country. Well, here they were, left rotting and no

good to anybody, when they ought to have been sent to Hong-Kong, valued and sold, and the proceeds given to us for prize-money. Some ships did this, and why could not we? By-and-by the owners ventured aboard the *Highflyer*, and craved for their property, knowing our captain's character for kindness, and representing that they were poor, innocent, honest Chinamen, who obtained their living by trading and the hire of their vessels; upon which, in many cases, they were released, and away went the supplicants, laughing in their sleeve at the clemency of the English mandarin. This we thought was not right; the men grumbled amazingly: "Ah! this comes of being along with a rich skipper as don't care about making money, and thinks nobody else do. Give me a poor man as only got his pay to look after, a fellow might crack a fine crust then." Some of the receipts, we were told, were sent to Hong-Kong, and put into a fund for the benefit of ships in Chinese waters. Jack used to call it "See-no-more's fund," on account of Sir Michael Seymour's taking charge of it. The money, so far as it went, as we believed, would be given to ships upon their leaving the station and going home; but we never knew what became of the fund, and so paid

ourselves by christening it as above-mentioned, and many a joke did Jack crack upon it besides: "The authorities," he said, "were having sieves made to sift the fund, and after the sixth-sized sieve had done its work, all that remained was to be given to sailors." And when our mail chanced to be a little over-due, another said, "She had grounded on the bar with the weight of the fund, and our boats were to go away and lighten her." For a long time it was our standing joke, till, gradually forgotten, we heard of it no more.

CHAPTER V.

Ho ! for Canton — The Bombardment commences—Howling—Our Landing—The rough March—Our first Brush with Johnny—The Bivouac—Our strange Position—On Picket—Shells and Rockets—Hot Tea and no Sleep!—What I thought about—Come on, my Lads—A nasty Hero—The Rendezvous—Our Advance—Scaling the Walls—Jamming a Frenchman—Five Pounds for a Flag!—Inside the Walls—Wanton firing—A Charge—Wounded Natives—Scorching Explosions—Canton ours—Marooning and Feasting—Cries of Distress—Chinese Girl—A Rescue—The Provost-marshal—Stop! or I'll fire—An Escape—Horrid Prisons—Yeh's Slaughter-ground—Competitive Headsmen—Mandarin Funeral—A white Affair and rather jolly—Body-guard and Musicians—A Good Son—On Board a Junk—Return to our Ship.

A FLAG of truce went up to Canton a day or two ago, and its bearers reported that the Celestials appear to have made no preparations whatever. On December 12th the French squadron also steamed up; as they passed, we gave them three long and hearty cheers, which they readily returned.

On the 28th, early in the morning, we embarked in a gun-boat, glad at having something to do, and steamed away towards Canton, the bombardment of which had commenced at daylight, the ships throwing in a shot and shell alternately about every three minutes, causing ruin and consternation in the city. At the commencement of the firing the people of the small towns and villages adjacent set up a mournful howling, accompanied by gongs, which coming across the lonely paddy-fields in the gray of the morning sounded strange and unearthly. We landed from our gun-boat about two P.M. a little below and to the north-east of the city; and were quickly drawn up in sections, headed by our respective officers, at the same time our day's 'scran,' consisting of raw pork and biscuit, was served out. Our party belonged to the third division, and was commanded by Sir Robert M'Clure. I belonged to the second section, third division, which numbered, I think, about two hundred men, the section with which I marched being the centre. Upon first marching off, each division took a different route, about half a mile distant from each other. The route we had to take led us three miles or so through a continuous burial-place, so that the ground being lumpy and uneven it was rather toil-

some work. By-and-by we got into even cultivated country, with low trees and ponds about; and were approaching the east gate of the city, having the river about a mile distant on our left, when a few stray shots whizzed past, giving us an inkling of the enemy's whereabouts. We were now a mile or so from the city, where the bombardment was still going on, our shot and shell tumbling in pell-mell; and we passed numbers of dead Chinamen who had fallen earlier in the day. About four o'clock we came in front of a small gateway, through which many of the "Pilongs" (bad men or ragamuffins) were crowding in retreat, armed with ginjalls; and upon our approach a rather irregular, but annoying fire, was sent into us. Opposite the gate we halted, and threw out skirmishers, who advanced firing: a shell or two from the shipping falling amongst the mob in the gateway occasioned some slaughter, but more scampering. We then continued our advance, and the Long-tails retreated, yelling in derision and waving their flags, but acting solely on the defensive; so lowering our muskets at the order "charge," we soon cleared the gate. During the slight skirmish—which may have lasted half an hour—one or two of our men were wounded; the stretcher-men immediately took them up, and bore

them to the hospital on the beach. As the valiant Chinamen had been driven back, our skirmishers were called in, pickets were posted, and the Naval Brigade bivouacked for the night. We soon had fires blazing cheerily, and began cooking our pork, making tea, and so on. We had to make the best of a short rest, for our section was the next for picket-duty, and we had barely time to get supper before our turn came.

The picket was stationed in a small clump of trees, to guard against any sudden attack of the Braves—in fact, we were in a natural ambush. It was now about nine o'clock, and quite dark ; and the rocket party, which was stationed on our right, began throwing their twelve and twenty-four pound rockets into the city. Meanwhile, the rockets and shells from the shipping flew hissing over us, and these, together with the whistling of the returning shot from the walls, that ploughed up the ground a few yards beyond our bivouac, formed a grand and startling scene, in which our situation was rather queer. Fires were blazing fiercely in different parts of the city, lighting up the loopholes and yawning embrasures of the grim old wall, and giving us an idea of the place we were destined to capture on the morrow.

Our picket was relieved soon after nine, and we could then go and lie by our fires till two o'clock, when it would be again our turn. The night was fine, but very chilly; and I was glad to be relieved, as I had had but little time before to get 'chow-chow' (something to eat), so I boiled some water, and made a pannikin of tea, and drank it to moisten my biscuit; and then, feeling weary, I lay down, wrapped my blanket around me, and tried to sleep. But I tried in vain; sleep kept aloof; so I lay and thought, watching the hissing rockets as they flew past on their errand of destruction, wondering where they would fall and whom they would injure; what would be likely to befall us on the morrow; and then—what are they doing at home? So I lay till twelve o'clock, when, unable to sleep, I rose, stirred up and replenished one of the slumbering fires, and made another refreshing pannikin of tea. One or two of my messmates were like myself, and could not sleep; but the majority, wrapped snugly in their blankets, slept as sound as tops. I walked about till two o'clock, when we again went on duty: one half of a section formed a picket, numbering sixteen or seventeen men, according to the strength of the section.

At four o'clock the bivouac was broken up, and

we marched silently towards the city. It being yet rather dark, our march was rather difficult, and we frequently stumbled; and a certain gallant lieutenant, in his zeal to lead the way, hastened forwards, crying, "Come on, my lads!" and fell head over heels into a reservoir of filth and excrement. On being hauled out by myself and another man, he swore most lustily, and stank so foully that his single advance would have dispersed any enemy less hardened against noisome odours than the Chinese; while we, of course, laughed at him as much as discipline permitted. I don't know what became of him afterwards; but he disappeared. We also had dangers in other shapes, such as old wells and deep hollows, which it behoved us to keep a good look-out for, if we did not want to be trapped. After about an hour we came to a large pile of buildings, which we determined upon attacking, as a portion of the Imperial troops were said to be lodged there; but finding the birds flown, we resumed our march to the rendezvous of the naval forces. This was at a large temple, about which the shot and arrows of the enemy were falling thickly, wounding many of our men. We waited here till nearly nine o'clock, the hour named for the united attack by the allies. Shortly

before the time we were ordered to advance, the gallant old admiral encouraging us by his example. The different divisions seized their scaling-ladders, and made a rush for the walls : close underneath was a ditch, which we had to cross, and it caused us some inconvenience to get the ladder over. I was in the middle of the party, with my head between the rounds of a ladder, which rested on my shoulders, and managed to get as far as the middle of the trench, and there I stuck, till assisted by some who had scrambled across. Soon the ladders were raised against the different embrasures ; ours was at once crowded with marines ; so seeing no chance of getting up by that, I ran to the next, and swarmed up with the other fellows, whose weight made the ladder creak and grumble, and threaten us with a fall. I had mounted but two or three rounds, when a poor little bugler, belonging to the marines, who expected to see the lot of us come down by the run, caught hold of my leg, and held on like a leech. I shook him off, however, got to the top of the ladder, jumped through the embrasure upon the wall, and ran stem on to a Frenchman, and got a heavy fall by the shock. I scrambled up somehow, and, looking round, saw the old admiral on one of the scaling-ladders, shouting as

he stepped up, "Has any man of you a flag? Five pounds for a flag! Has nobody a flag?" and doing his best to cheer us on by word and example. All our force was now making for the north of the city along the wall, in disorder, without any apparent regard for divisions; and keeping up an irregular fire upon any poor helpless Chinaman they happened to spy out; many firing for mere wantonness and devilment, thus wasting 'Andrew's' * valuable ammunition. The Braves offered but a feeble resistance; they didn't dare to show out in fair fight; but skulked behind houses and walls, firing when they thought they were likely to escape detection. At one place near the north gate they made a stand, but we soon put them to the right-about by a charge from our division; they didn't appear to relish cold steel at all. The ground by this time was thickly sprinkled with dead and dying Chinamen; and it was hideous and sickening to see many of them, so fearfully were they disfigured. They invariably carry their powder loose in the same belt with a burning match, by which they fire their ginjalls; and as they lay partially doubled up, wounded or dying,

* The seamen's synonym for government, or the authorities at home.

the matches continuing to burn, set fire to the powder, and the poor wretches were cruelly scorched by the explosion, in addition to their other torments.

The fire, which had been pretty brisk at first, was now fast slackening; in fact, the allies were in possession of the city, and soon our flags blew out in the breeze, over the twice-captured city of Canton.

But though the place was taken, we had now and then to send a shot at the Braves, who annoyed us by their scattered and covert fire; and to prevent useless risk, we were not allowed to go in among the houses, but were divided along the wall, by which the means of escape from within were cut off.

That night we were quartered in one of the streets near the wall, and took possession of the half-ruinous houses, cooking our food in native coppers, and otherwise asserting our prerogative as conquerors. But martial law reigned paramount; we were only sailors in barracks, instead of afloat. However, we did stray about for all that, then and afterwards, braving the consequences, and often with impunity. We used to go out 'marooning,' and many a batch of fowls and pigs was brought in, on which we feasted, as an old salt said, like little kings. But too often this prowl-

ing for poultry was but the pretext for robbery and brutal violence. The Chinese well knew the barbarians' propensity, and sacrificed their own daughters and wives rather than let them fall into European hands.

I was out on one day in a street near our quarters, when, hearing a tremendous screaming, apparently of a woman in distress, I ran quickly to the house whence the cries issued, and found a seaman ill-treating a young native girl. I didn't wait for apology or explanation, but simply knocked him down with the butt of my pistol, asking him if he thought his conduct was manly. He attempted no reply or retaliation, and walked off. The poor girl looked very grateful at me for the unexpected deliverance, and I took her into a neighbouring house, where plenty of her own sex had congregated; they, seeing me lead her in, mistook my intentions, and I was quickly surrounded by a mob, out of which I had to escape, pursued by a volley of missiles, none of which, however, were very weighty.

Of course the provost-marshal was a great man, and woe to the inquisitive invaders whom he happened to catch straggling, for away they were marched to his quarters, and ere long their

backs bore testimony of the harshness of military discipline.

I was once out near the east gate, on an exploring expedition, when I espied this hated functionary and his myrmidons. They saw me. I took to my heels, encumbered as I was with my cutlass and pistol; they after me. "Stop, stop!" sung out the marshal. "Stop, or I'll fire!" "Fire away, old fellow!" said I, and continued running. "You'd better stop!" But I didn't; when—ping! whistled a bullet past me, striking the hilt of my cutlass on its way. My pursuers were now close behind me, when, seeing a house with open door ahead, I rushed in and slammed the door; but, being hard pressed, had scarcely time to look round when they were at the entrance. The door soon yielded, but just as they, infuriated with the chase, rushed in, I jumped out at the window, a height of about six feet, and skulking along among the ruins of shattered houses, escaped from the clutches of the law, glad enough when I got back again to our quarters. 'Looting,' or straggling, had been forbidden by the admiral, but our superiors used to wink at it, for their own especial benefit; so at least we thought.

Not a very great way from our quarters at Canton,

and near the east gate, among the riddled and half-burned houses, stood the remains of some prisons, which, judging from their building and wretched unaccommodations, could never have been used for important criminals. They contained long rows of cells, barely big enough to hold one man chained; badly roofed, and quite open to the gaze of the brutal public. I never had the ill-luck to be shut up in a Chinese prison, but if all the rest are like those I saw at Canton, any bungler who could pile up bricks and mortar could build state prisons in China.

In the east quarter of the city is the execution-ground. From one of the numerous eastern thoroughfares you suddenly come upon a dead wall, which has one small doorway. Enter, and you have before you a dark square, enclosed by four walls—the scene of Yeh's atrocious massacres. Here, within this blood-stained square, thousands of unfortunate Celestials have fallen victims to that rascal's insatiable thirst for human blood. The place looks gloomy and foul, and we were glad to get away from its sickening atmosphere and its suggestions of dying cries and fruitless appeals for mercy.

The price given for taking off a human head, as I was told, is half a dollar, which brings many appli-

cants for the office of public executioner. But he, like other public functionaries, has to pass an examination in order to prove himself fit for the sanguinary duty, and exhibit his skill with the sword in shaving a pumpkin into thin slices with one cut of his weapon. If his first trial be not satisfactory, he tries again and again till he "passes." I never had the brutal curiosity to witness an execution, but have been told that beheading is a merciful death, the head being invariably severed at one blow. An executioner who strikes more than once is immediately disgraced and dismissed his office.

One day, just before we left the city, I had an opportunity of witnessing a "white affair," as the Chinese term their funerals. Judging from the noise and irreverence that prevail, I should say they have no notion of solemnity in connexion with a funeral, but, on the contrary, regard it as something jolly. The one I saw was the funeral of a mandarin, and was therefore on a grand scale, very different from a poor fellow's funeral. The procession was headed by four coolies bearing on a bamboo a small miniature temple, tenanted by Tien-Hows (Queens of Heaven) and Josses, and carved and gilt within and without, according to the prevalent fashion. Next

came on other four coolies, bearing, on a slight stage, decorated with coloured paper, a clean white cloth thrown over it, a huge roast pig, swimming in fat, and garnished with sundry to me unknown ingredients, besides small trays of confectionery, cakes, drinks, and so on. Following these came an individual whom I put down as a priest, who was there for the purpose of comforting, or imparting ghostly counsel, bearing on his head what looked like a conical tin hat; he was accompanied by one of the friends of the deceased, dressed also in white, carrying in his hand a large bundle of pieces of white paper, cut into moderate-sized squares, having a small gilt spot in the centre. At every few steps he disengaged a few of these favours, throwing one to the right, one to the left, as the procession travelled on. Next in order came the deceased nobleman's body-guard, in number about thirty, each bearing his implement of office; for instance, the butcher a tremendously long knife, which he flourished with evident delight; the gardener a hoe or mattock; and the executioner a placard setting forth, doubtless, the number of victims during the past or present week. The others carried badges according to their office, and most of them were dressed in fantastic garments.

Following these came the musicians, making a fearful noise with their various instruments, the principal of which was a machine emitting sounds like those of a Scotch bagpipe, but not quite so musical. Then the corpse, in one of the native manufactured coffins, resembling a huge packing-case, profusely ornamented and varnished, and carried by eight coolies in divers shabby coloured garments. Then the mourners, chief among whom may have been the son, apparently so much stricken with grief that two attendants supported him. When the procession stopped to allow the bearers to rest, this dutiful child suddenly changed his tone for one of great merriment, laughing and talking with the followers, as if he were at a play instead of his father's funeral. So much for filial feeling! Among the mourners were several women, all more or less habited in white, according to their degree of relationship to the deceased. Several mandarins on led horses followed them, laughing and joking loudly; and a score or so of household dependants brought up the rear. All the white garments looked very fusty, and were put on with studied negligence, in order to give an idea of a total abandonment to grief.

And so the procession passed along, sometimes silently, sometimes making a precious hubbub, till

they arrived at one of the piers upon the river, where, waiting for them alongside the pier, lay a large well-built mandarin junk. The body was first put in, then the small temple and pig, and lastly the mourners and musicians stepped on board. Sail was made, and the junk glided away down the river, the white favours being strewed at intervals upon the water. They were bound to Whampoa, the deceased's native place, and there he was to be buried according to invariable Chinese custom.

At last, after fifteen days "hard laying," as we said, and just as we had got settled in our newly-pitched tents, we had to return to our ship, having been away seventeen days. Our hammocks felt soft in comparison with the Chinaman's ground, but most of us felt sorry that our campaign had been so brief and so unremunerative in excitement.

CHAPTER VI.

More Grumbling—Sailing Orders : Hurra !—A Trial of Patience—Sail from Hong-Kong for Shanghai—Beating past Formosa—Danger ahead—'Bout Ship—An anxious Moment—The Danger escaped—Woosung—Anchor at Shanghai—The Nobs—Life in the Streets—Coolie Jams—Sedan-bearers' Salutes—Shops and Shopkeepers—Buddhist Temple—The Worshippers—Ogling and carving—Divination by Sticks—Big Ear and Big Eye—Yankee Rowdies—Broken Heads—Hot Weather—Patience rewarded—A Parcel from Home—An Alarm—Attempt at Murder—Feeders on Christians—You English one Rogue—Fern Tea—Carrion Food—A Rat Scramble—Sea Spawn—Chinese and English Landscapes—Chinese Painters and Pile-drivers—Fourth of July—Dogs and Sailors classed together—A Warning to Old Ugly—Funeral Rites.

JANUARY 1st, 1858.—My entry in the journal for the day runs thus : “Here we are, still in the river, grumbling at long delay, and wanting to be sent out of it.” Nothing of importance happened, and we filled up our time with ordinary duty and more growling till the 14th of February, when we

received orders to go to Shanghai, and all were very glad at the prospect of a change ; for my part, I was positively happy in expectation of soon again dancing upon blue water.

So we left the river for Hong-Kong, where we arrived about the time of the mail from England, and soon got our letters. Mine informed me that a young lieutenant of the *Sanspareil* had kindly brought me out a parcel, and I asked leave to go and fetch it, but was refused as we were under sailing orders, and I had to exercise patience and hope for the best. We sailed from Hong-Kong on the 10th of March ; it was nasty dirty weather, and the north-west monsoon was blowing dead in our teeth. On the 14th we were beating to windward of the Island of Formosa ; in tacking we stood close in shore, which presented a fine appearance, being bold and high ; in some parts woodland and heath, deep valleys and swelling plains. The water is very deep close in shore ; but we saw no good harbours. On the 16th we were bowling along handsomely, the weather being squally, and thick and hazy, hiding from us a small island which we expected to weather, when a startling incident took place. Bow look-outs had been placed about a quarter of an hour, when the man to the starboard

sang out in hurry and alarm, "Land on the star-board bow, close aboard." The mist had partially cleared away, suddenly revealing to us a rock about two cables' length distant; its craggy sides looming fearfully grim through the yet misty offing. This danger, startling as it was, was met coolly and promptly as soon as discovered; the first-luff sprang upon the netting, and with a decisive energy equal to the emergency, delivered his orders, which, however, the seamen hardly needed. "'Bout ship," and "ease off head sheets," "haul over the boom," and "ready, ho!" followed in quick succession. Then a profound silence, while all gazed anxiously at the motion of the ship as with the helm 'hard over,' she fell off rapidly. Then was thundered out "Mainsail haul," and all the after-yards were swung and braced up on the opposite tack. The topsail and huge mainsail flapped and shivered for a moment, one of intense anxiety, and then—what a relief—bellied out bravely to the breeze. On looking astern, we saw the rock close to us, rising high and threatening, and a caldron of waves boiling and surging at its base. But attend! "Haul of all!" resounded along the deck; we swung and braced up the head yards, hauled the bowlines, and dashed away from the

danger so mercifully escaped. A few moments more and our gallant corvette would have been a wreck, and our fate would not have been recorded in these pages.

On the seventeenth day after leaving Hong-Kong we arrived at Woosung, and steamed up the river to Shanghai, and our anchor was soon down in the soft, thick, but firm mud of the dirty Chinese stream.

The city stands on the east bank. In the English quarter the houses are large and well built, streets clean and decent, with a fair proportion of shops, native as well as European. The river is about half a mile wide; along the bank runs the Bund, a broad terrace, on which, backed by the houses, is a smooth road, and plenty of room for passengers. Here, in the cool of the evening, the "nobs" of Shanghai, as we used to call them, used to drive or walk, and create a fashionable bustle. The residences of the consuls, built after European fashion, are fine large buildings, and more like palaces than private dwellings. The Chinese city lies more to the east, and is a large, busy, dirty, and uncomfortable place. It has four massive gateways resembling a tunnel built in the wall, which are closed every night. The streets are so narrow that three persons can with difficulty walk abreast;

they are miserably ill-paved, and all kinds of filth being thrown into them, the stench is fearful ; there's a precious sight more than "two-and-seventy," as old Archy said one day to me after a ramble through the city.

There is plenty to see, and plenty to see you. Now a string of coolies come trotting along with wood, fish, and vegetables, or some other such universal commodity. Stand clear you must, or they will run over you, so wishing the fellows anything but good luck, you jam yourself against the wall and let them pass. You have but partially recovered from your jam, and are looking in admiration at some fine delicate silk-work, and wishing you had enough money to buy it, when bang comes against you some high dignitary's sedan-chair, carried by bearers in showy livery. You probably salute the sternmost one with a kick for his rudeness, and your vengeance is appeased. These bearers would sooner run against you than sing out and warn you of their approach. And everywhere you find the streets infested with beggars, who are quite as importunate as the tribe in Ireland are, or used to be, begging from foreigner or country-man alike.

The shops have no front, but are quite open, and

the houses are generally low, with only a single room above the shop, sometimes with a low balcony outside, embellished with a variety of carving and varnish so as to appear smart to the by-passer. The shops are made to serve as eating and smoking rooms also, for the masters and their men are often to be seen having their chow-chow on the counter, or falling asleep behind it over their pipe of opium, which most of them smoke to a degree perfectly astounding. The shopkeepers are mostly very obsequious, and those of the same trade dwell together, so that here we have a community of tea-dealers, whose neighbourhood is fragrant with the smell of the refreshing herb; farther on, shoemakers, who sit as our own do, but don't make the same kind of shoe; farther yet are booksellers, and opposite to us again a bevy of bankers. The booksellers are the quietest and neatest traders, and no doubt they keep on hand a large stock of the Life of Confucius: "Confuse-us," as our men called him.

I went, in the middle of the city, into a temple, and saw how they worshipped and offered up to that venerable monstrosity—the effigy of Buddha. The building was lofty, large, and gloomy, with a damp brick floor, showed no signs of beauty, and was, more-

over, full of the sickly smell of Joss-stick incense. Joss himself was in the main building abutting on the entrance ; on a dais hung with crimson drapery and enthroned in state. Numbers of worshippers were bowing down to him with many genuflexions ; a large fire was burning in a brazen vase, into which the worshippers cast pieces of scented paper of an oval form. But the total want of earnestness in the worshippers surprised me. Here was a woman just before me on her knees, muttering and making a motion it is true, but all the while ogling a young priest ; and their grins and soft looks were mutual. Yonder a young lad was praying away very hard, but at the same time, carving something out of a piece of wood with a knife. Some of the devotees had come to know the issue of an expedition they were about to take ; others to see if they could venture on a voyage. Mothers came to solicit a male child as the first one ; and young damsels came to find husbands. The way they found out all this was, by tossing up two sticks, and by the direction in which they fell, or as they lay after their fall, so did the priest interpret the failure or success of the undertaking. Sometimes the applicants, not liking the construction the priests put upon it, had come to a conclusion for themselves, and

going before Joss, prostrated and returned thanks, and went out of the temple seemingly satisfied. Bob Brady, one of our party, after being silent a long time, said, "He'd be hanged, though, if that didn't lick him all together; he wondered where they'd all go to some day."

I saw many of them praying to a big-eared god, under the impression, perhaps, that he could hear everything they said, and to another with large eyes, with the notion that he could see all their faults; but I should say they might spare themselves that trouble, for the one who sees all surely ought to be able to hear all.

However, I liked my first ramble in a Chinese city, for we were not allowed to ramble at Canton, and I was interested with the strangeness and singularity of the place and the people, with only one drawback, that of having to keep my handkerchief pretty constantly to my nose to intercept the dreadful smells.

Just as I was coming down the pier to get a boat and to go on board, I was witness to an affray between American men-of-war's men and certain Chinese boatmen. These Yankees, with their usual bombast and swagger, had interfered with and ill-treated the Chinamen, who, being roused, made com-

mon cause against the enemy, and rushed to the scene of contention armed with long bamboos, which they used freely on Jonathan's head; the seamen were soon surrounded by numbers, and though they made a mad defence, two of their party were left bleeding and stunned upon the Bund, while the others fled into sanpans near the pier and there tried to mollify their opponents. At first the enraged Celestials would come to no terms; and again made show of another assault; but for some reason their mob diminished, they gave up the contest, and the crest-fallen Minnesotas were allowed to land and carry away their wounded from the inglorious battle-field.

May, the month of sweet-blossoming hedgerows where English breezes blow, brought us beautiful but intensely hot weather; thermometer 114° , which compelled us to stretch our double awnings. Often all day a nice cool breeze came up the river, softening the intense heat, and making the smoking stream look like molten lava in rapid motion.

By the first mail which followed us to Shanghai I got my parcel; the young lieutenant having taken the trouble to forward it; for which kindness I here present him my thanks. I cut the string eagerly, and was delighted on turning out what lay underneath:

English books, and all from home : there were *Airy's Astronomical Lectures*, *The House with the Seven Gables*, and other works of pleasant reading. Many a weary hour did they beguile ! I read some of them to messmates and shipmates, and after a time they got well thumbed by frequent lending.

One night we were all turned in, and lying comfortably about the main-deck under the awning, when the silence was rudely broken and the sleepers were awakened by the shrill pipe and rough voice of the boatswain's mate : "'Way there, launchers ; hurry up, now, hurry up ! Bring your cutlasses with you !" We all started up to see what was the matter, when we learned there had been an attempt to murder on board a Dutch merchant ship lying just ahead of us. Our launch brought the culprit on board and his intended victim, whose throat was bleeding profusely from a cut not very deep, but awkward and painful. One or two more of the crew also came with their comrades. I couldn't help laughing at the wounded man's narrative of the affair. He began in imperfect English : "I vas lying in my bunk you know ; it vas in de middle of de night, when I see de door of de galley open ; and a man poke his head in and say, Who are you ? I am cook, I say ! Den he say again,

Cook, I was kill you. I say, Oh no ; no kill me, kill pig ; when he cut me vit de long knife and I roop out and you English man-o'-war hear !" One of the other men said, "He was hear noise and cook sing out murder, and so he was yump off de yib-boom into yolly-boat in one yump, and come to de man-o'-war." There being no Dutch consul in Shanghai, the murderous fellow was sent to Hong-Kong.

The weather grew hotter and hotter : the only relief we got was in the cool of the evening ; but with this relief we had the annoyance of mosquitoes. As you lie comfortably with the faint breeze fanning your heated brow, one comes buzzing about your ear, and presently you are assailed by millions, which dart upon the feet and ankles. You get up and walk about, thinking that during your absence the tiny tormentors may have cleared out ; but no ! You return and find them just as voracious and numerous as ever. And so it continues in one unceasing battle against the swarming foe ; till quite wearied and exasperated, you fall into uneasy slumber. "Well, Bill, how d'ye fare ?" "Oh !" slap, slap ; "bless the mosquitys, you know what I mean, they'll eat a fellow alive." "Yes ! and what pauls me, they won't touch the Long-tails ; but don't they feed on Christians ! Why,

they walked off with the slack of my blanket last night."

The *Antelope* steamer came in to-day from the North, bringing the news that a treaty had been signed between France and England and his Celestial Majesty, by which the entire seaboard was to be opened to foreigners, and an indemnity paid to the allies. This is what puzzles the Chinese mightily. "You makee bobbery up Pekin," they say; "you makee take city, all same rebels; you piecey soldier makee stop Canton, by'm by you go! Chinaman have pay you plenty dollar. This no right me think; no plover. You English one rogue; you no speakee true."

In my rambles about the city I saw the process of tea-drying and sorting by men, women, and children, just as I had read about it in books at home. I saw them also doctoring tea which had been damaged by water. Many of the poor people, unable to buy, or not caring for tea, use an infusion of a large broad-leaved fern; it has a bitter taste and is extremely yellow in colour, and they appear surprised that you do not appreciate its goodness as well as themselves.

In passing through Chinese streets, you meet with such abominations in the shape of food as would suffice to overturn the soundest or coarsest of nautical

stomachs : stewed cats, rats, and young puppies are in great demand ; and you may see urchins and old men ogling a string of stewed or roasted rats, a boiled mess of toads, or a finely-browned young puppy, with watery mouths and wistful eyes ; and here another fellow at the corner will be trying to cheapen a mess of fish-spawn, dirt and all.

Rat seems to be an especial treat, for let the cabin-boy of a European ship hold up a captured rat above the bulwarks, and immediately there is a rush and scramble from all the tea-lighters alongside ; each man striving to be first to grab the coveted game.

Pork seems to be an especially favourite article of food ; and you may see all sorts of nasty-looking doughy cakes, and dough made from rice-flour, sold hot in vast quantities.

Another disgusting mess, and one which the common people eat with great relish, is a medley of small sea-slugs and snails and weedy-looking things, all put together and thrown into a large deep earthenware jar, where they remain in salt water till they smell strongly, when I suppose they are good eating. I noticed at Lucong that the people ate large quantities of this.

I have not said anything yet about the scenery of

Shanghai, so I may as well begin. The country is one dead plain, sparsely ornamented with willows and fine low leafy trees; every available inch of ground, as it were, is tilled, the very footpaths being exceedingly narrow. Near Woosung, on the south bank of the river, the country is well wooded and finely cultivated, paddy and rye-fields stretching away on each side; but there is still the same vast level.

The Chinese scenery, so far as I saw, is very different from English: there are no fine, deep, luxuriant valleys, no lofty and large clumps of trees; but uncultivated land is rare, except in hilly districts, and the country is like an endless, well-cultivated garden. The hedgerows and the pastoral sheep, the richly-laden orchards, the fine old hoary monarchs of the forest, the babbling and sparkling wayside brook, affording music and refreshment to the traveller—and, above all, the wonder-speaking flowers in every nook and corner such as we are accustomed to at home—are wanting in China; where, as it seems to me, the leading features are level fields and barren hilly wastes as burial-grounds.

One day some native painters came on board to re-decorate our capstan: their pots were much the

same as those used by our own painters, but in their tools and methods they were very different. All their tools are small and flat, somewhat like a grainer's brush, and take up but a small quantity of paint, consequently the workmen dip frequently. The colour was pretty well mixed, and Johnny showed himself an adept at thinning with turpentine. The 'dryers,' or what I took to be such, was a pale liquid without smell, but which has a cold feeling; this mixed freely with the paint causes it to dry quickly. But if all the Celestial workmen are as slow as the party I am describing, they do their best to carry out their own precept, which exhorts them to put off whatever they can till to-morrow; allow them to take their own time and you get your work done well; but hurry them with repeated "Chop! chop! Johnny!" and you may as well whistle for rude Boreas.

The same applies to labourers on shore. I watched a party who were pile-driving, using for that purpose a big ram, to which they all tailed on. Then the leader commenced a song of which "Yah" was the general burden; with the word "Yah," down went the ponderous ram, and the stake was driven in a little bit; and the song went on till "Yah" came round

again, about ten minutes distant from the first "Yah," so that you couldn't exactly apply the term "hard-working" to those fellows. But some of the coolies who carry the tea from the warehouses to the piers work very hard; one of these men thinks nothing of carrying six chests of tea on his bamboo yoke. I saw two of them carrying a 90-gallon cask of rum from the store, and they didn't make a bit of fuss about it. These men, too, have a habit of uttering musically as they trot along with a heavy load, keeping step with one another, the phrase "A ugh," "A ugh," and as each one intones it in turn, it sounds very pleasing.

But while I am talking about all this, the 4th of July overtook us. We fired a royal salute and dressed ship in honour of Brother Jonathan. The skippers of the American ships in port made a present of two bottles of stout to each one of our ship's company, in which we cordially drank success to the republicans. In the evening there was a great firing of cannon from the merchant shipping, and the Yankee consulate was brightly illuminated.

Talking about Yankees, there's a precious lot of them in Shanghai; they live by trading, keeping

grog-shops, boarding-houses, and by 'beach-combing,' which, in their own phrase, means loafing about on shore. Once while passing the Yankee Presbyterian chapel in their own part of the settlement, seeing the door open, I was about to satisfy my curiosity, and take a peep at the interior, when a placard caught my eye, "DOGS AND SAILORS NOT ADMITTED;" so I passed on, wondering to myself whether the fellow who planned it looked like a wise man or not. The same notice appears on the door-posts of their sporting houses.

In one of my rambles, I came suddenly upon a crowd of natives, chiefly of the working classes, and being desirous to ascertain the cause of the gathering, I went up to them, and found a party busily digging up a body, which they carefully handled, but not so carefully as to prevent its falling in pieces. These pieces were collected and placed in a new coffin at the head of the grave, together with a new suit of clothes and a hat, for the deceased to make a respectable appearance elsewhere, I presume. At the foot of the grave six wax tapers were kept burning as an offering to Joss, while every few moments they discharged a volley of crackers, and lighted Joss-

papers to keep Old Ugly at bay. I afterwards learned that people were in the habit (if not able to pay for a funeral) of burying the dead in some convenient place, and after a sufficient sum had been raised by a little extra industry, or by a little less opium and samshu, the body was dug up and placed in a coffin, as before stated, and buried in some proper spot. A little thatched or tiled house is built over the grave, according to the means of the surviving relatives.

The graves of the rich are built of stone, something like a horse-shoe in shape, neatly carved, and exhibiting pretty good workmanship; a chamber is dug in the hill-side for the coffin, and the entrance is ornamented by this stone-work, and closed by a stone door. When a body is interred, it is brought in procession, as described in a former chapter, to the grave, and after various ceremonies the body is placed in the chamber, the food placed by its side, the door is closed and a seal put upon it, not to be disturbed till the annual season comes round for repeating the memorial rites.

This annual visiting the tombs is, I believe, looked forward to for a long time by both old and young;

and as the day approaches, great preparations are made in the shape of pastiles, sweetmeats, bunches of flowers—real and artificial—evergreens, and so forth. Upon the day, the hill-sides leading to the tombs are alive, as it were, with groups of devotees, come after a year's absence to show their unabated veneration for the dead. The door of the tomb is opened, the chamber is swept out and garnished with flowers, and a fresh supply of sweetmeats placed by the coffin; then offerings are made, the friends gaze once more upon their beloved dead, the door is again closed and sealed, and the body is left to its long repose. Upon leaving the tomb, crackers innumerable are let off, and lighted pieces of paper flung for the purpose before mentioned.

The poor people make no display in their interments, but bury their dead in their gardens and fields. The river population, and those living on the banks, seem to have no regard for their dead at all. I think they must be devoid of natural feeling, or, perhaps, poverty pressing grievously upon them makes them callous, for in the waters round about Canton, Shanghai, Whampoa, floating dead bodies are quite common—it is loathsome to see so many; sometimes,

also, bodies are swathed in mats and laid on the banks of the stream, in solitary places or in lonesome creeks clear of the tide. At night, little corpse-lights are placed at the head and foot; the solitary watcher, faintly visible by the dim light, keeping them replenished till daybreak.

CHAPTER VII.

The dead Sister's Plate and Chopsticks—Tremendous Feat—A Chinese Theatre—Poor Stuff—The Mail—Excitement—The Rush for Jondy—Do your Duty, come what may—One Piecey English Thief—Nigpoo Tom—Brawling Boatmen—Baby Boatmen—Buoys for Baby-boys—Pastimes—A Cruise for Health—Lucong—Pictu-resque Scenery—Forget-me-not—Hospitable Cottagers—Their Dinner—Libations of Samshu—Seamen's Distraction—Lucong Farmers—Thrashing Machine—The Joss-house—A Surprise—More Hospitality—A Dinner in Public—Number One Piecey—A Party for the *Inflexible*—Help for *Laplace*—Ingenious Steering Contrivance—Towing a Cripple.

ANOTHER observance relative to the dead I also had the fortune to witness. I had eaten a dinner in a Chinaman's house, and afterwards sat on one side and witnessed the proceedings of my host, whose chief fare was rice. While watching, I remarked a plate of food, with chopsticks, set apart from the rest by a vacant seat. I asked for an explanation, and was informed that their dead sister would come

and eat her chow-chow by-and-by ; but if, as it generally happens, the spirit didn't come, perhaps having something better on its own table, the untouched food would be thrown reverently away.

In this same July we heard from Canton that the city is very unsettled, threatened with a night attack from the Braves : I fancied they would find out their mistake if they attempted it. With this weather in view for another three months, and the thermometer from 125° to 130° , one need be made of marble, or live in "marble halls," for even when writing, or doing nothing, the perspiration pours from one copiously : so that even a slight exertion in a fervid climate is attended with discomfort. The song says, "A sailor was made for all weathers," but I think he as little relishes melting as any one. I used in England to think 80° very hot ; but I am quite submissive now at 100° .

About this time, being on shore, I went to a Chinese theatre. There were no scenes, and the acting, which was very indifferent, consisted of a series of contortions, accompanied by much volubility ; the actors, who had painted their faces, and wore gaudy dresses and hats, represented very magnificent characters. In their comic pieces their gestures are very amusing,

and sometimes they like to talk big; making use of such expressions as they fancy will suit the mood of the audience. For instance, an actor bounces on the stage with, "My brother, who is noble, has the name of Lintsienchesfou, and he sometimes resides in Tchingkiangfoo, that great trading city, where are the great and magnificent junks which struck terror into the barbarians." Their singing is execrable; they haven't the slightest regard for tune, but pour out one unbroken monotonous squall. Most of their instruments are stringed, but whether their players are skilful or not, who can tell? The audience behave pretty decently, but chatter incessantly. The men of our ship used to take great delight in these exhibitions, and they laughed as if they were never going to cease; whistling shrilly; clapping and applauding, declaring "if it wasn't enough to make a cat laugh."

With what great anxiety do we look forward out here to the arrival of the mail. Every one is asking when is it due? Is it come in yet? And it is amusing to watch the changes of countenance, as one lucky fellow who always has letters, is talking to a comrade who seldom gets one. The first is all animation, the other gloomy and desponding. The

steamer that brings the mail from Hong-Kong has to perform quarantine at Woosung, at the mouth of the river, the land portion is brought up on horseback; and we could always see the postman go by at a headlong pace along the land, pitching the bags of letters down at the gates of the respective houses without any stopping. Then it was that heads were thrust out of ports with cries of "There go the runners; the mail's in," and the buzz of anticipation and excitement was heard along the decks. The naval mail travels by water in a fast-sailing junk, in charge of an officer of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, which is easily known by its carrying the Company's flag—a small square, with one corner white, another yellow, the third blue, and the fourth red. A boat was then sent from the senior officer for the boxes of letters; soon they were aboard and in the captain's cabin to be sorted. Then up went two or three little coloured rolls of bunting to the mast-head, where they broke and displayed to other ships of war in harbour the welcome signal of *Send for letters*. As soon as the letters were sorted out came Jondy, master-at-arms, with the mail box; every one had been on the look-out for him; and such a tremendous rush was made aft to his table, where, with the box

before him, and his hands full, he sung out loudly the names of the owners of the much-coveted letters. "Hillo, Bill, what's up? You look down on yer luck; didn't she write again this time?" "Write be bothered, no; she's run away with a soger." "Well, if people won't write to me, I won't to them; s'pose they're getting too good." "John," they used to shout to me, "here's a bushel basket-full for you; by Jove! you always has one."

None but an exile can tell the pleasure of getting news from his far-away home. My friends never forgot me, and to my letters from home I was indebted for something that cheered weary waiting hours, and reminded me always to "do my duty, come what may."

Here in Shanghai are a set of native boatmen who ply to and from the shipping and the shore; but I advise you to fight shy of them, for they are the veriest scoundrels in existence: not content with their proper fare, fifty cash, or half a mace, they demand three times that sum; and if the stranger be not sufficiently learned in their ways, he will give them what they demand, which, of course, only serves to increase their exorbitant demands. If you refuse them they abuse you shamefully, and no doubt are not very

choice in their epithets, especially if they be acquainted with a little English of the low stamp, which they generally soon acquire from seamen. Then it will be, "You one piecey English thief; you one big foolo—you no goodee," and other less elegant expressions. If a party of seamen happen to be so served, it is something as follows: "Knock him down!" "Heave the Chinee lubber overboard!" "Choke his luff!" and so on.

These same fellows are very proud of keeping their boats clean and neat, and have generally one or more ships' names tacked to the stern—for instance, as follows: *Jack Leg, No. 1, Arcadia; Nigpoo Tom, No. 1, boatman, Hibernia; Canton Jack, first No. 1, Sovereign of the Seas*; and many others in the same style. They lie alongside the pier, and, when they see a seaman coming, accost him in a volley with "Sanpan, sanpan, mine very goote; go ship, Jack—my boat." Others not so far advanced in their knowledge of languages, resort to practical measures, and pull you forcibly along, uttering quickly, "Ugh, ugh," and shove you into their boat, and scull away vigorously amid the growling of their mates.

Once, on going ashore, I paid the fellow his usual

fare, with which he appeared quite content, but upon my stepping out of the boat, he ran after me, crying out, "Piecey more, piecey more." As I knew I had given him enough, I walked on, but he beginning to be troublesome, I turned suddenly round, took him by the collar and shook him vigorously, telling him I'd call a policeman if he didn't "wylo" (go away); whereupon he sheered off in double-quick time, while I watched his retreating figure, laughing heartily.

The Chinese mothers swathe their infants up till they somewhat resemble mummies, and a stranger might easily take them as preparations for the Pyramids, were it not for the little yells occasionally emitted from them. I have often seen mothers with their infants strapped across their backs in the general manner, sculling their boat along, and unconsciously smoking their opium pipe, the little infant partaking of all its mother's movements. Common rumour says that carrying the children thus is the reason why they have flat noses, which is a marked feature among the Chinese. The little ones are generally very agile, and seem very intelligent when quite young. A mere child may be seen often managing a sanpan with the greatest ease, or, as seamen say, "as if he'd been born with an oar in his fist." The younger children are

always kept near the mother in the stern of the boat; she seems very attentive and kind to them. The youngsters have a gourd attached to their waists, so that in case of tumbling overboard the gourd would buoy them up and afford a chance for rescue. But it is only the boys who are thus protected; if a girl falls it is a good riddance of so much live lumber. Most of the Celestial children are as joyous and gay as urchins in our own land, and many games common to little English youngsters are not unknown to the Chinese juveniles: kite flying, playing shuttlecock with the soles of the feet and palms of the hand, choosing one of their own number as Kwang or Emperor, besides pitch and toss and bounce halfpenny—all these they play very adroitly, entering into them with hearty spirit. Even grown-up people take great delight in shuttlecock; and will fly kites for half a day at a stretch with as much solemn enjoyment as is shown by the spectators on an English cricket-ground.

On the 29th of September our anchor was lifted for the first time for more than eight months, and we went on a cruise to recruit the health of our numerous sick. We got as far as Woosung that night, and lay there to await the arrival of the mail, before

making a final start. In the afternoon of the next day, the mail having come in, we left Woosung, and in the evening were off Lucong, a hilly island—one of the Chusans. The landing is rather difficult, on account of the sharpness of the rocks, and a long low swell which sometimes sets in.

The town, situate a few miles up a small creek, is very thriving and populous, as, indeed, are many Chinese towns; and it does a great trade with other islands in fish and vegetables.

The country is very picturesque, and seemed the more so to us after our long spell of flat landscapes. The heights are bold towards the sea, but more inland there are fine broad fields, cool valleys, and nice well-clothed hills dotted with little farms and villages, watered by small streams, margined and overhung by willows, and the banks prettily strewn with flowers. How we enjoyed our liberty on shore! and how glad was I to find among the flowers the sweet little forget-me-not! What a host of pleasant recollections did that little flower recal! and I sat on the bank of that pleasant stream all the afternoon, trying to deceive myself with the notion that I was at home, and my friends were about me in the shape of the sweet forget-me-nots.

I had several opportunities of going ashore. I hope I used my eyes to my own improvement; I am sure I did to my enjoyment. It was gratifying, after a long confinement to shipboard, to step ashore amid the freshness of nature and the novelties of a strange country. The men, too, seemed to enjoy it, and many of them were for a "feed of grass;" and some said "they felt glad they were alive."

The peasantry were very hospitable and simple, inviting us by signs into their cottages, which were built mostly of stones and mud, and thatched with paddy. Bare earth formed the floor; in one corner stood the copper for cooking; in another lay a heap of what appeared to be rubbish; the remainder of the walls was occupied by shelves, containing crockery; and the floor was occupied by a bed, a round table, and three bamboo stools. The inmates set before us such as they themselves ate: rice, callaloo, a kind of cabbage and fish, with their favourite drink, samshu—a spirit that seemed to me disgusting in taste and smell. Our men did not seem to like the look of the fare at all. "I say, Bob, there's swamp-seed and turmit-tops—that's a fine feed for a Christian. Why, I wouldn't give a dog of mine that stuff—no, strike me lucky, I wouldn't." However, a good many of the

men made no difficulty with the samshu; and did nothing upon first getting ashore but smoke and drink "sam," as they called it. Of course, Sam often proved a powerful fellow, and made his votaries either beastly or ridiculous; and some would find a surprising resemblance to brother Tom in a sober messmate, or display very amiable feelings towards some tree-stump. Others were just the opposite, and nothing would prevent them from quarrelling and making a noise; in fact, they only appeared to have acted up to what they said before going on shore, "Anything to distract the brain."

The people of Lucong appear to be good husbandmen, and their land is farmed well; and it might surprise some of our grumbling farmers to see the product of their abundant harvests. They grind their corn by means of a large hammer on the lever principle: it is worked in a bearing or groove, supported by two uprights; a man treads on one end of it, and causes it to rise; steps off again, and it descends into a large jar or mortar sunk in the earth. The concussion of the hammer as it descends causes the grain to shake up, so that it all comes under the face of the hammer, and is crushed. The work is laborious, for the hammer is heavy. I visited the Joss-house, and

found it like others at Canton and Hong-Kong, a gloomy, dingy building, smelling strongly of disagreeable incense, and in the centre the ponderous god, with the fire burning before him. The people of Lucong were decidedly the most candid and open of the Chinese race I had yet seen. I was walking with two shipmates, and we were remarking one to another what such and such a patch of unknown vegetables might be, when we suddenly came upon a small village, which a woody height had before hidden from our view. On our appearance, a group of youngsters, who had been playing merrily, scattered in the greatest alarm ; but upon being coaxed and shown there was no harm intended, and the present of a brass button, they ceased to skulk, and we became good friends ; the people, as usual, were extremely hospitable, making us come into their houses and seat ourselves. Having some fish with us which we had purchased, I asked one of the household to get them cooked ; and these, with tea and bread, which we had also brought, made a refreshing meal after our long ramble.

It was quite amusing to see the Celestials during our meal ; they formed a circle round the doorway, gaping at us with the greatest astonishment, evidently

at a great loss to understand how it was we moved our lower jaws. They examined our flesh, also turning up our sleeves; they appeared greatly amazed at the whiteness of the skin, tracing with childish delight our blue veins through their courses. I was strictly overhauled; but stood the test. A mace—fourpence—and a piece of *Illustrated News*, in payment for our accommodation, highly delighted the old man of the house; they appeared mightily pleased with the pictures, repeatedly exclaiming, “Number one piecey, number one piecey; English piecey very goot;” and we parted with good feelings on both sides.

We returned to Shanghai in time to celebrate the 5th of November; and we burnt another guy with proper formalities.

On the 3rd of December, which was my birthday, I was sent with a party to the *Inflexible*, she being under orders to proceed to the assistance of the French war-steamer *Laplace*, which had unfortunately run aground at Takshan, near the Chusans. The weather was bitterly cold, or we felt it so; and as we steamed along head to wind it seemed to cut right through us, who had been accustomed so long to the warmth and heat of the sun. We found the Frenchman afloat, but with a much-damaged rudder. It being Sunday

when we arrived, of course we did no work ; but early next morning we paid out hawsers for towing, got up anchor, and steamed along at a good speed, considering how wildly the *Laplace* steered. Her steering apparatus was very ingenious, and worth observing. It consisted of two large vulcanised india-rubber buckets, having a stout lanyard amidships and two smaller ones on each side ; the latter were used to flatten the bucket, and it would float on the surface of the water, on one side or the other, and direct the vessel's head accordingly. But, on the second day of our towing, finding there was not sufficient to keep her steady, the Frenchman rigged a gun-carriage on a topsail-yard, which being launched over the taffrail till deep enough in the water, the ship was steered by means of tackles from the yard-arm to the side, and we soon found the benefit of it by the lessened strain upon the hawsers.

We anchored the second evening under the lee of the rugged rocks, not far from Takshan, and as it was blowing freshly, made ourselves snug for the night by sending down top-gallant-masts and letting go another anchor.

CHAPTER VIII.

Preparing to tow—A Squabble—Drifting astern—Ease her! Stop her! —Coutez la Rope—Return to Shanghai—Another Christmas—New Year's Day—Cold Weather—Freezing a Brass Monkey—Feast of Lanterns—Millions of Lights—Unfair Dealing—The unlucky Jeweller—Unlucky Greengrocer—Unworthy Englishmen—English Talkee—Chin-chin, Jack—Consequences of Idleness—Rambles on Shore—A Lower-deck at Dinner-time—Criticism on Beef—Yankee Navy *versus* English Navy—A royal Reason why—The First Lord and the Grub—A Man of Bread—A few Remarks about Food—Very nice Meat—Night Quarters—A Broadside—Uproar—Obeying Instructions—Another Alarm—All adrift—A Yankee Skipper.

NEXT morning, the 5th, was very stormy, so we did not weigh; but on the 6th we again prepared to tow, and as there was a lively sea on, this was a matter of considerable difficulty, especially as the captain of the *Inflexible*, instead of taking up a position ahead of the Frenchman, where the hawsers would have been easily payed out, anchored broad-

side on ; consequently the hawsers felt the whole power of the tide, about a five-knot current. The weigh-line not being sufficient to bear the strain, was carried away again and again ; so the "little man," as the men called him, lost his temper, and began abusing the coxswain of the boat : "Tilly !" "Sir," responded the seaman. "You're a lubber, sir—you a petty officer, and don't know how to lay a hawser out ! I'll disrate you—by George ! I will." "I never asked *you* for it," replied the irritated coxswain. "Very well—very well. I'll flog you, Tilly," screamed the little man, panting with rage. "Mark my words—I'll flog you." But this was all wind, for when the coxswain came on board again, the captain begged his pardon, and told him he had done his best.

As the anchor was hove up, we of course dropped gradually astern, and one of the hawsers got foul of the paddle-wheel. Instantly the captain cried, "Easy!—turn astern!—stop her!—half a turn ahead!" In fact, he issued a string of contradictory orders, before we knew what it was all about. Then came another : "Jump in the paddle-wheels, somebody, and stand by to cut ! Easy ahead ! stop her!—now cut away!—hold on ! hold on !—don't cut yet!—cut

away!" "When shall I cut, sir?" "Don't cut, I tell you, and be hanged to you!" Then, with his French phrase-book in his hand, he jumped on the paddle-box: "Monsieur le capitaine, voulez vous couter la rope." "Je ne vous comprends pas," answered the Frenchman. "Oh! coutez les hawse—coutez la rope, capitaine;" the effect of which upon all within hearing may be imagined. I was standing forward at the time, and heard one of the French officers say to our boatswain—the ships being very close—"Vat your capitaine say? My God! how he talk his Français!" Old Pipes, though he did not understand, could not help laughing. Nevertheless, the Inflexibles all said of their captain, "He very often barks, but never do bite." And so, at last, we brought the *Laplace* to Woosung, where she parted from us, and sailed up the river to go into dock.

Two days after, on the 12th, we arrived at Shanghai, where I found all messmates well and hearty, and beginning to think about Christmas Day.

This holiday, like the year before, passed off fairly; but there was too much noise and drunkenness for me to enjoy it. In spirit I was at home, and didn't I wish I had been there bodily too.

January 1, 1859, was announced to us by the bell

being struck sixteen times, in the usual nautical style, and the band marching round, playing *God save the Queen* and *Auld lang Syne*, and some of the wilder characters must needs arouse their quiet shipmates and make noisy demonstrations, but by-and-by they went aft into the officers' berths, and having got a glass of grog, they turned in, and were soon quiet enough.

February the 3rd, the following appears in my log: "We have had it very cold for the last fortnight; very keen winds; and to-day a fall of snow." It was quite a novelty, being the first we had seen since leaving England. It was strange to see the upper-deck in the morning; the rigging and yards were sprinkled with snow and frosted, and the guns could be only distinguished by their shape, so completely were they covered with the dazzling garment. This weather nipped us greatly, and we kept below as much as possible. "Choo-ugh!" would come somebody down into the mess. "What's the matter, Tom; you looks cold." "Cold! why it's enough to freeze a brass monkey, let alone a human being." We had rare fun while shovelling the snow from the decks, men and officers snow-balling one another in right good earnest.

On the evening of the 15th was celebrated the Chinese Feast of Lanterns, and all the boats and small craft on the river were gaudily decorated with flags and streamers, and the meanest coolie put on his best attire. During the day the Chinamen were continually exploding crackers and other fireworks, and sending up rockets, and in the evening the junks and boats, and the Chinese houses on shore, were well lighted up by lanterns, while the inmates were merrily carousing, and eating prodigiously of baked pork and rice, stewed cabbage and fish, each dish being surrounded by numbers of small candles, which they kept constantly burning. On this occasion every one who goes out after nightfall is expected to carry a lantern, and on this night the Bund facing the river was so covered with dancing lights, that you might have fancied a swarm of big fire-flies was at play.

I have heard it stated that during this feast the number of lanterns displayed throughout the empire, including the river craft, is two hundred millions. What an assemblage if all made into a heap! They would certainly startle his Celestial Majesty if he found them lying in his palace garden some fine morning.

I have often seen the injustice and bad treatment

towards the Chinese who bring anything for sale on board the ship. One day a jeweller came with native brooches, rings, and trinkets. No sooner did he get below, and incautiously expose his goods, than he was pushed and jostled, articles knocked from his hand, and before he had been ten minutes on board he had lost much of his property. And again, one Sunday, early, a Chinaman came with some fine lettuce and cauliflowers—rare things to a seaman; he was served just the same as the jeweller, and the poor fellow, sitting down in the middle of the gangway, sobbed like a child, the men all the time making game of him. Had he gone aft to seek redress, he would be pretty sure of a repulse, or perhaps get kicked over the side. Poor Celestials! my sense of fair play was shocked by this treatment, and it only shows the great blot upon an Englishman's character in a foreign land. He thinks he can act as he pleases, regarding the poor unenlightened Chinese around him as mere brute beasts, without sense or understanding, never dreaming for a moment that he ought to be called to account.

Some of the natives do not submit so patiently as others, but give vent to their passion in their own language, of which, as I never learnt even a syllable,

I could make nothing, but no doubt it was more angry than sentimental.

Many of the Chinamen pride themselves on their English, and make a display of it as often as they get an opportunity. "Chin-chin, Jack, how you do? All litee?" "Yes, I'm all right. How do you get on?" "Oh! me all plover; me number one. When your ship go away? she makee stop long timee. By-by, makee go England; you see your fatha and motha; you no come Shanghai again. Other ship go Pekin makee bobbery; you sailor-man makee fight."

Another May came, and found us still at anchor: not bright and hot as last year; but so dull that one might think the blooming goddess had taken cold. This heightened our impatience to be gone. I had read the Astronomer-Royal's *Lectures* and my other books over and over again, till I knew them pretty well by heart. Still, it was not always possible to avoid feeling discontented. How we argued and disputed one with another, and most vehemently about the things that we did not understand, especially politics. Many of the letters which I wrote home contained a question for settlement; and sometimes the answer did settle it. Once there was a debate as

to whether the English language owned the word recalcitrant; and three months later I got a letter which decided the question for us in the affirmative, and gave us the meaning of the word. Then again I had a treat. A small parcel from home. Dr. Anderson, of the hospital ship at Hong-Kong, had brought it from England and sent it on.

Then we heard rumour of a cruise to the northward, and all hands brightened up at the thought of a change of seeing new scenery and people. Something to do and something fresh to look at would keep the devil at bay, which is an important matter in a ship, where his majesty finds so many liege subjects. Meanwhile, it was a relief to be allowed to go on shore. Ten of us could go every night, and there was general leave twice a month. I liked rambling by myself into the country, and looking at the people and their ways; sometimes asking for a drink of water at a cottage, and making friends with the youngsters. One little fellow became so confiding as to sit and crow on my shoulder. From what I saw I envied the cottagers neither their dwellings nor occupation.

From country scenes and shady nooks, what can be a greater contrast than the one I am now diving

into? Fancy to yourself a lower-deck mess-table!—time, a quarter to eight bells in the forenoon—presently is heard the bugle playing up cheerly *The Roast Beef of Old England*, and aft to the galley rush the hands whose turn it is to do duty as cooks to draw the day's allowance of meat.

It is drawn and on the table, and my messmates sit round, and are soon busily engaged in criticising. No matter for dirty hands or tangled hair: it doesn't do to be particular on board ship. "What won't poison will fatten," is a sea proverb. "Well," says Bill, nicknamed the Calf, "if that's dinner, God send supper! Here's for a smoke;" and off he goes. Presently, Joe, who has eaten his share, gets up, and, after belching rudely in his neighbour's face, exclaims, "I'd like to have Mr. Somerset, or whatever they call him, just to taste this here meat; I'm blest if it wouldn't make him stare! Beef, they call it; I'm glad they've found a name for it. It beats the tea, so called. I s'pose the Admiralty gets the pair of 'em cut out by the law of economy, don't they?" "Bother the odds," says lively Tom Jenkins; "it'll all fill up."

At other times the conversation indulges in a roving commission, and takes in politics; the relations between England and America being a favourite

topic. Let us listen to Rowin and Jemmy King, great talkers both, who go at it hammer and tongs, as the saying is.

"Well, look here!" says Rowin. "Give me the Yankee navy 'fore this one. The officers there are gentlemen, and a fellow don't get his luff choked when he begins to speak. They do act upright and down straight, anyhow!"

"Yes," answers Jemmy, "and a fellow gets a sight better grub and better pay, too, and he don't get no three-water grog. But look here! this is what pauls me. Why don't we lend the Yankee gov'ment a hand if they want it, or why don't we allow them to help us?"

"Why, I'll tell ye, Jemmy. S'pose we was to have an alliance with the Yankees, and we was to help 'em, they'd want to have a king, and our people don't want 'em to. That's why they won't let the Yankees help us."

"But you don't believe that yarn, do you, Rowin?" says Harry B., a sensible, well-read fellow. "If you told that to a horse in the stable he'd kick yer brains out."

"Oh, you might know a good deal," retorts Jemmy, "but ye don't know everything."

The First Lord and the grub, however, are the

chief occasions of displeasure, and the noble functionary might, perhaps, not feel so comfortable as he does if he heard what seamen think of him. "He First Lord ! Why, he never seen the sea. About as much fit for First Lord as I am for Prime Minister. Why, I'd make a better man nor him out of chewed bread."

I offer the following remarks with all due respect ; but when a seaman gets bad provisions he has a right to grumble against the one who, as he imagines, is responsible for the quality. Seamen, who live hard and work hard, ought to have good grub ; but navy food does not always come up to that standard. We don't say the allowance is not enough : it is not the quantity, but the quality which ought to be more studied. One of the articles of war is to this effect : "That if any fault be found with the food, the same shall be quietly and respectfully made known to the officer of the watch, who shall report the same to his superior, and the said superior shall presently cause such steps to be taken as shall remedy the defect." But this is not strictly acted up to. Some officers, after looking at the faulty article, which is perhaps an eight-pound lump of salt meat, looking similar to a lump of mahogany, will tell you blandly "he sees no fault

in it; very nice meat—very nice indeed; shouldn't wish to eat better himself;" while his countenance belies his words, and he wishes he couldn't smell. The bread is generally good, but is liable, after long keeping, to decay, when weevils and maggots bore and re-bore it at their pleasure. "Very nice eating, this, Jack. How about the duke, eh?" "The dook! I'd like to choke him with it." Sailors are awful grumblers, but they like fair play, nevertheless.

But to go back to my log. One night it was very sultry, scarcely a breath of air stirring, and profoundly quiet, save the rush of the rippling tide against the bows, when our captain came off to the ship and gave the order for night quarters. The well-known roll, *Cheer up, my lads*, very soon roused us out. We jumped from our hammocks, and didn't wait to dress: a pair of trousers was quite enough. Up we went, cast loose the guns, loaded with blank cartridge, and waited for further orders. "You'll fire a broadside! Ready! Fire!" and all the guns went off as one. Oh! what a hubbub there was among the junks and craft on the river; the Chinamen seemed beside themselves. The next order was, "Three rounds of quick firing!" and at it we went bang! bang! bang! till the very place seemed to

shake, and the concussion broke many a window-pane. By-and-by, when it was nearly over, and we were securing the guns again, one or two of the gentlemen came from the shore, wanting to know what was the matter. "Had the rebels attacked us?" "Oh no, gentlemen!" said the first-luff; "we are only obeying Admiralty instructions;" at which the inquirers seemed much relieved. The whole performance, from the time the broadside was fired till the guns were secured, and we again in our hammocks, did not occupy more than twenty minutes. So much for being ready for night quarters.

In the night of the 17th, about the middle of the first watch, we were again aroused by a great outcry. A large Yankee merchantman, in drifting down, got foul of us athwart hawse, and her great weight, with the strength of the sluicing tide, made us drag our anchors, and away we drifted up the harbour, smashing and fouling all the craft in our way. One little brig was just in our line of drift, and we could not help laughing at her captain, who sung out to ours, "Never mind, sir! you can't get any farther. My cable will hold the pair of ye." No sooner had the words passed his lips than the tiny cable parted, and he was involved in the general smash. We were now all four in a

heap, and went drifting up 'fluking.' Just then our skipper hailed Jonathan, and asked him if he hadn't better send down the sky-sail masts and yards. "Well, cap'n," answered the Yankee, "they've been up there ever since she were launched, and I guess they'll stop there till they're blowed down."

At last the steam-tug, being lashed alongside, drove the merchantman's bows ashore, and brought all of us up. We got our steam up, and gradually backed astern out of the mob, slipping both cables, and losing our jib, flying-jib-boom, and both lower booms; and with about eight feet of our quarter-bulwarks stove in. I shall not easily forget that night, shivering as I was with only my flannel and a pair of light trousers on. Next morning we went and picked our anchors up, and a heavy job we had of it. Jonathan refused to pay all the damages, so our captain prosecuted him on behalf of the Admiralty; and I believe that that night's work cost the boaster something like two thousand dollars.

CHAPTER IX.

Anticipations of Work—The *Powhattan's* Salute—Sail for the Peiho—Excitement on Board—Arrival of Mr. Bruce—Interview with the Chinese Commandant—We embark—Advance to the Taku Forts—Attempt to blow up the Barrier—What old Archie said—Gun-boats under Way—A Jam—Well done, *Opossum*—The saucy *Plover*—We join the *Starling*—Aground hard and fast—The Fight begins—Dodging the Cannon-balls—Well done, *Cormorant*!—Smart Work—We pull to the Admiral—Death at my Elbow—At it again—Lie down, Men!—Unlucky Teapot—The Landing-party—We pull to the Shore—Death in the Mud—Hit by a Shot—The Wounded Officer—Death in the Rushes—The Don't-care Feeling—The Retreat—Light-balls—A terrible Trudge—Don't care again—A narrow Escape—A Sip of Life—The Boats at last—Sleepers in the Gun-boat.

WE heard on the 5th June that the *Inflexible* would take our place, while we sailed on a cruise to the northward. The news was good news for us, because we thought there would be something to do besides cruising. The awkward dispute between the English

and Chinese authorities had been talked about for some time, and we thought our admiral was not the man to stand any nonsense.

On Friday, the 10th, we steamed from Shanghai. It was a miserable morning, the rain pouring down in torrents ; but we were on the move, and going to see something fresh, and perhaps take part in a brush with the Long-tails. As we passed the United States steamer *Powhattan*, anchored at Woosung, her band struck up *God save the Queen*, and she dipped her ensign. We were not slow in returning the compliment, and in a few minutes the strains of *Hail, Columbia!* were wafted from our poop towards the Yankee. We touched at Pecheli and got our letters from the flag-ship, and sailed with the rest of the squadron to our appointed anchorage, within sight of the mouth of the Peiho, and of the Taku Forts; they being about eight miles and a half distant. The anchorage is wild and gloomy, the waves being of a heavy leaden colour, and no land visible on account of its extreme lowness. When it comes on to blow hard, steamers 'bank fires,' and stand by to slip and put to sea.

We were all ready prepared, with our knapsacks, water-bottles, and so on ; and it would be hard to

conceive the excitement and talk which the probable attack caused among us. Visions of imperial gold and satin passed before our eyes; and never was any subject discussed as we discussed Peking and the emperor.

On the 21st, Mr. Bruce arrived, and immediately proceeded to the mouth of the river, with Admiral Hope and the French captain. As afterwards appeared, they had a talk with the commandant of the forts, who informed them that he had been ordered by his superiors to allow no vessel of any nation to pass up that way; and further, that there was another place, about three leagues from this, where the emperor wished Mr. Bruce should ascend to Peking, and that his Celestial Majesty had prepared every convenience to facilitate the progress of the second English ambassador to the court of China. The admiral and his colleagues, however, mistrusting the commandant's statements, gave him to understand that they wouldn't stand any nonsense.

What the upshot was everybody knows. As for the Highflyers, we rubbed our hands when we heard that the passage was to be forced whether or not.

On the 24th, the admiral having determined to wait no longer, and having given his instructions

over-night, we, that is the landing-party, embarked in our boats, towed by the different gun-boats attached to each ship, and following the admiral in line of seniority. One of the gun-boats carried the French blue-jackets, and the American hired steamer *Toeywan* came on in our wake. We steamed up to within three-quarters of a mile of the forts, and lay-to, awaiting further orders, and looking curiously at the greasy mud before the forts, the tide having run down. Meanwhile, the admiral steamed round and reconnoitred the points of attack; and soon after we had orders to put the marines on board some junks, which had been seized the day previously for their quarters.

We lay idle all that day, and at night slept on board the gun-boat *Banterer*. During the night, a party from different ships, in two whitewashed cutters, and with muffled oars, made an attempt to blow up the barriers which the Chinese had constructed across the river; but it did not succeed, and they were fired on from the forts, and obliged to retire.

The morning of the 25th dawned brightly and summer-like, and so calm that not a ripple stirred the water. At seven o'clock we had breakfast, laugh-

ing and joking the while. Old Archie "know'd they wouldn't fight, and we'd have our suppers inside them forts;" and so, indeed, many of us thought. The meal over, most of the blue-jackets were distributed to the different gun-boats, to man and fight the bow-guns.

Meantime, the admiral had advanced in the *Plover*, astern of the *Opossum*, whose instructions were to find a passage through the barrier stakes, or, if not, to pull them up by main force. Following the *Plover* came the *Cormorant*, *Lee*, *Nimrod*, *Banterer*, *Kestrel*, and *Starling*. But in advancing, as the water shoaled, they ran aground and foul of one another; or, as an old salt said, "the admiral was regularly jammed." We were now, I should say, about nine hundred yards from the forts, and in shoal water.

So the morning went by, and we were still in suspense, when the word was passed for dinner. While we ate ours most of the fouled craft cleared themselves and got afloat. The forts remained quite silent all the time; not a soul could we see moving, and but few guns and embrasures were visible, owing, as we afterwards learned, to the Chinese having masked them.

Dinner was no sooner over than, as may be

imagined, all eyes were anxiously turned upon the leading boat, *Opossum*: we could plainly see her drive stem on, and carry away the chain; and afterwards haul up several of the stakes and steam right inside. The *Plover*, bearing the admiral's flag, followed her closely, and just as she was half-way through, down went the mask from the embrasures; whiz—rush—roar—came the shot, and the action commenced.

At this time the admiral was standing, a conspicuous mark, upon the top of the gun-boat's galley; and as he was a tall man he was plainly seen by both parties, more especially as he had on white duck trousers. But many of us noticed what we thought a blunder in the arrangements, namely, that all the gun-boats were not able to engage the enemy, owing to their having been placed in wrong positions, where they would do more mischief to friend than foe; but the shoal water was a great excuse for this.

It was now about a quarter-past two in the afternoon. A score of Highflyers, I amongst them, had been shortly before sent to the *Starling*, and placed under the orders of Captain Villiers, to assist in fighting the pivot-gun, she being short-handed; but, unfortunately, in manœuvring to get a good position, she

ran aground, and though we made every effort to get her off, such as jumping her stern till we were tired, rolling the shot, and transporting the pivot-gun, she would not stir. Captain G. O. Willes, who acted as aide-de-camp to the admiral (if I may be allowed the term), happening just then to pass in his gig, and seeing our critical and comparatively helpless position, sent two gun-boats to our assistance, and he himself superintended their operations; but the *Starling* resisted all efforts, and still stuck hard and fast. So Captain Willes, after courteously thanking the lieutenants of the two boats, told our skipper he must do his best; in pursuance of which advice he ordered us all, rather ingloriously as we thought, down into the boats lying alongside, in order to be out of the way of the enemy's shot. The position of the vessel was such that there was no possibility of bringing the guns to bear on the forts; consequently we could be of no use on deck, which was, I suppose, the captain's reason for taking care of us. He, however, and the second-master stuck to the deck. We sat quiet for about ten minutes, when, growing impatient to see what was going on, I scrambled up to the deck, and was soon followed by others. Presently a sudden jet of smoke, followed by the hollow rushing sound of the shot, pro-

claimed the intention of the Chinese to keep on fighting, and the probability of a smart engagement. And then they went to work in earnest, and sent a storm of shot from their batteries, doing fearful execution among the gun-boats; whereupon, seeing that the enemy meant mischief, the crews blazed away at the forts, as if they enjoyed the deadly game of long bowls. Now and then a shot struck the *Starling* in her helpless condition, and it was somewhat laughable to see how we—British blue-jackets—ducked when a ball chanced to whistle close over us. However, this paying of respect to the swift iron bullets saved many a life that day.

I can hardly tell how I felt; for after the firing began such a state of excitement possessed me that I could scarcely contain my feelings, and I caught myself several times singing out and clapping my hands, keeping my eyes all the while rivetted on the forts. With what a burst of savage joy did I see the enemy's walls shattered by our shot, and "Well done, *Cormorant*!" "Bravo, *Lee*!" "Pretty firing!" were cries in which my emotions found vent. Others exclaimed, "It can't last long, the Chineese rascals won't stand to their guns long. Smart work." But they did

stand, as shot after shot testified, tearing away our bulwarks and splintering spars, scattering death on all sides, or sullenly plunging beneath the water-line of the vessel. So it went on; furious uproar—frightful crashing—smoke—groans—and death; neither side showing the least signs of giving in.

After a time we were ordered out of the boats, to do what we could with small arms, and at it we went, using our muskets with hearty good will. But the distance was too great, and the smoke too thick for nice firing. I kept on firing with the others till my musket became so hot I was forced to cry “spell, ho!” In the midst of our attack, a shot came ricocheting towards us, making ducks and drakes, as we used to say at school; splashing the mud with great force in our faces, till thump—crash—it buried itself in the *Starling’s* side.

Then a signal went up from the admiral for more assistance, and our party was ordered into the boat. Just as we shoved off, I turned to look at the *Starling*, and saw a big shot strike the pivot-gun, knock away the trunnion, overturn the carriage, scatter the splinters all around, and finally lodge between the gun and the carriage, where it remained firmly wedged. “By

George, Bill!" said I to one of my messmates, "that's smart work!" "Yes, John," answered he, "and you mightn't never see such another go-in like this."

The *Opossum* was now flag vessel, the admiral having shifted from the *Plover*: while we were pulling towards her, the shot struck the water ahead, astern, and even alongside of us, but never once hit us. On getting alongside, the first thing which took my attention was the gallant admiral, badly wounded, sitting on the gunwale, looking very pale, and bleeding from a wound in the thigh; yet refusing to go below or have it attended to. He sat watching the firing, and giving orders with unabated spirit.

I tailed on, as did the rest, to the pivot-gun, and we fired away briskly with very good effect. And so did the enemy for the matter of that. A sapper who stood next to me was cut in two, and fell at my feet. Then and at such-like times it was that I felt more fearful than before. So long as I was not close to the wounded, or one who fell killed, I kept my courage, and could do my share of duty at the gun; but it made me wince to see the man whose shoulder rubbed mine picked off so suddenly. However, it was for

this I had gone through my drill in the old *Illustrious*, and now or never we had to put our lessons in practice.

After a while *Opossum* hauled out of range, giving us time to fetch breath; and then in we steamed again closer than before, and directly in front of the forts, as though we intended going stem on, in which position we could only fire the bow-gun with effect. We of the pivot-gun, thus having no immediate work to do, stood watching the firing, when aft came Captain Willes, and cried out, "For God's sake, men, lie down! You are too valuable to be shot now. Besides, we can't go twenty-two thousand miles every day for men like you." We of course obeyed, and while lying at ease we heard many a ball strike the vessel's side. One shot came through the quarter, and passed out at the opposite side, touching no one, but breaking in its passage a little earthenware teapot, filled with brandy-and-water, belonging to the lieutenant. By-and-by he came aft to quench his thirst and wash the powder out of his throat, but on seeing the smash, he dolefully exclaimed, "I would like to know who broke my little teapot? I didn't care for the liquor—the taker was welcome to that—but he might have left me the pot." Suddenly turning to me, who stood nearest, he asked, "Do you know anything about the

pot?" "Yes, sir; a shot came through the quarter and broke it." "Oh! is that it? I thought by your grinning you did it."

We all had a good laugh at him, of course, being by this time once more on our legs, having got up one by one. It is so hard to lie still where fighting is going on.

Now the firing from the forts all but ceased, and our people thought we should make an easy capture. But, alas! for human judgment, never were chiefs more mistaken; it was only a trick on the part of the Long-tails, as we afterwards found out to our great cost and mortification. However, judging from the enemy's silence, the admiral decided on landing a party to take the forts by assault. A certain captain, who had taken a look at the muddy shore, came back and reported a practicable landing-place. If he had tried it himself, instead of only looking at it, he would perhaps have sung a different tune; at least, we all thought so.

The *Toeywan* generously towed up to the forts the ships' boats, full of marines and blue-jackets; the order was conveyed to the French at the same time; and shoving off from the different gun-boats, with ready accoutrements and smiling faces, our men gave three hearty cheers and pulled for the shore.

Opossum had meantime steamed down to the junks for another load of marines, and when we got up to the forts again, some of the marines and blue-jackets had already landed. So, as one of our boats came alongside, I jumped into her with the rest of our party, carrying our muskets, full water-bottles, empty havresacs, and sixty rounds of ammunition in our pouches. I sat in the stern-sheets of the boat, and as we were pulling in shore, one of our party said to me, "Hurrah! John, the forts are a-fire!" "Can't be," says I; "they were, as black as ever ten minutes ago!" It was the setting sun, which, throwing out the forts in strong relief, and shining through loophole and embrasure, had produced the appearance which deceived my mate.

No sooner did the Chinese see our boats approaching than they opened a tremendous fire from every available position, tearing up the boats and killing many a brave fellow before we could land. Thus was our hilarity turned into rage, pain, and disappointment, by the want of good judgment, as we thought, somewhere. The nearer we came to the landing-place, the nastier it looked. However, as soon as our boat touched the ground we jumped

out, and found ourselves up to the waist in water and slime; and, what was worse, our ammunition was rendered useless by the soaking it got. Some poor fellows lost their footing, and went down so deep into the mud that they were drowned by the jump from the boat. Others seemed petrified, and crouched into the very bottom of the boats, so terrible appeared the iron storm that we had to face.

We were under the charge of an old petty-officer. He was addressing an order to one of our party, when a shot struck him, and he fell dead. We moved on: might as well advance as to stand there to be killed, especially as the forts were pouring on us a murderous fire of grape-shot and all other conceivable missiles. The sight was sickening to see so many falling around, and yet no one able to stretch out a helping hand to save. All at once I felt a sudden numbness in my head, and my cap was knocked off. I instinctively put up my hand, but felt no blood, and fortunately kept my footing. My impression was that I had been accidentally hit by a Frenchman behind me who was firing at the forts. Dreadful was our struggle through that greasy mud. At length we reached the outermost trench, where one-half of our number, having spoiled their ammunition,

could not molest the enemy; so we halted under cover, looking on, and wishing the Chinese, the forts, and the officer who selected the landing-place, at the devil: anywhere but in the place they happened to be.

I fired my musket once after landing, and then, in consequence of my plunge and many falls, which choked the barrel, I could only stand by, ready for whatever turned up.

Presently we made a push for the inner trench; but had not gone very far when I saw an officer lying half-buried in the mud, which was by this time pretty well sprinkled with dead and dying. I went to his assistance, and found he was wounded in the throat, or I fancied so, and managed, in spite of balls and bullets, to drag him down to the water's edge, and place him in the bottom of a boat.

I once more trudged along in order to regain the mass of seamen and marines who were struggling gallantly onwards, returning but a feeble fire to the storm from the walls. I came on the way to a small patch of rushes, and pretty firm ground: how blessed did it seem to one's feet, although sodden! While I stayed here a little to get breath, three or four blue-jackets and marines approached, one of whom came by

my side and halted, as I had done, to recover breath. I turned to ask him for a drink from his water-bottle, when a shot struck him in the heart: "Get you out of it," he said to me, and fell dead. Another, while advancing to speak to me, was cut in halves by a ball, and I felt his blood bespatter me.

And now again that fierce don't-care feeling came over me. I sprang up, and tore across the open space, from the rushy patch to the second trench which was lined with our men; shaking my musket in impotent defiance, as it were, against the yelling Chinese, who now swarmed at intervals upon the battlements. The trench was full of water, but I ran recklessly in, and swam, and waded to the opposite side; still clutching my musket. Then I sank; but felt some one grip hold of me by the collar of my frock, and haul me into soundings; at the same time a ship-mate's familiar voice said, "Nearly gone that time, John! Stand on that big stone, you won't be out of your depth." On looking round, I found my preserver to be "Snarley-yow," so called, and that I was standing close to Captain Shadwell, our own captain, who, though up to his armpits in water, kept up his spirits wonderfully, and now and then spoke a word

of encouragement to the men, who in their turn gave a hearty reply.

Darkness was now approaching; and although the work of slaughter was still going on, and men were falling fast around, an attempt was made to raise the scaling-ladders to the embrasures; but their supporters were killed; and after other but ineffectual attempts, Colonel Lemon thought it prudent for us to retreat. By that time the short twilight was over, and darkness had set in, to our great relief; but the enemy threw out light-balls to discover our position, at the same time endeavouring to rake us from the northernmost battery. These light-balls were annoying in two ways: they burnt one fearfully, and had an oppressive and horrible smell; and after every instalment of these things, a heavy discharge of arrows, ginjalls, and big guns, sped many a good fellow of our side to his last account.

At length, by general consent, the retreat was sounded, and in a mass of confusion we scrambled out of the trench, and had the mortification of doing that which few Englishmen like to do—namely, turn our backs upon the enemy.

No sooner did the Chinese see us begin the retreat,

than they raised such a succession of fearful yells, as I shall never forget; the sky above was black, the water we were in was black, and the very Chinese on the battlements above seemed like black devils, as they uttered yell after yell, at the same time sending after us a withering fire.

I cannot say how long we were in the trench; but I remember that the water rose, or perhaps I sank deeper, and I grew more and more benumbed by my immersion. I would have given anything then for a good drink. However, I made my way back with the rest, but could hardly drag myself along from exhaustion, much less lend a helping hand to those who were wounded. Painfully and slowly we struggled on, but pretty much together, through the mud and darkness to the water's edge. Now and then an iron shower would hurtle round, or a solitary iron messenger scream over our heads, or strike the water close to us, bespattering us still more with mud.

But at times worse befel; some poor fellow would sink with exhaustion, or fall dead struck by the enemy's shot. Oh! those infernal forts. The mud too was full of dead bodies, over which it seemed so horrible to keep tumbling.

Most of the men waded out to their necks or arm-pits in water, and then ensued a weary anxious waiting for boats, and we kept shouting till we were forced to be silent from hoarseness.

By this time I was tottering sadly, so throwing my havresac, water-bottle, and musket from me, I leaned against some stakes, and a grim stupor came over me. I didn't care if they did make a sally from the forts; I wasn't afraid to be shot; I wished I had perished in the first of the fight. These fearful thoughts came into my head; I felt it was wicked to think so, but I could not help it.

After a while I was recalled to my senses by a shot striking, and scattering into splinters, the stake next to me. I started, and trudged along towards some dim forms in the distance, ducking profoundly as I heard the shot coming in my direction.

I turned once to look at the forts, when a smart twinge in the thigh caused me to stagger and roll in the mud, and gave me to understand something had hit me. I suppose it was a spent ginjall ball. Not heeding this warning, I turned again to the forts, when, just opposite, and in a line with me as it appeared, I saw the flash of a gun and heard the iron fiend hissing towards me. It was a moment of agony.

I stooped, and so low that my face was under water, when a sullen splash about two yards behind me, assured me that for the present I was spared. If ever any one felt thankful for an escape, I did then; and I never recal that incident without an earnest feeling of gratitude to the Almighty for His merciful interposition.

Some one—a marine officer—now approached me, and asked if I were wounded. Upon my replying in the negative, but that I was so cold I shook like a leaf, he gave me a sup from his flask, and taking my hand he almost forced me along; but I scarcely needed help then; that mouthful of spirit had revived me, and I felt something like myself again.

When, after what was to us an anxious weary delay, the boats came, they began taking in men indiscriminately, and the poor fellows were so eager to get away that there was much overcrowding. This was presently stopped; some boats only took in a certain few, and in many cases where an officer wouldn't take more than his number, the worn-out men were beaten off, or a pistol was pointed at their heads.

The French boats were the only disinterested ones; they took anybody, and crammed as full as they could. Many a poor fellow while anxiously waiting

for a boat would suddenly, worn out with fatigue, throw up his arms wildly, sink under, and be no more seen.

For some time I did not endeavour to get a boat, but watched others being taken away ; at last, when nearly all were gone, I saw a boat approaching, hailed it, and was taken in ; and after a pull well in shore to look out for more wounded or stragglers, was rowed away from that fatal mud-flat, and put on board our own gun-boat the *Banterer*. On getting aboard I threw myself down just as I was, wet clothes and all, by the warm funnel, and soon slept the deep sleep of fatigue and exhaustion. Few of us cared whether to-morrow's sun rose upon us dead or living. Not one of us had tasted food since noon. It was six in the evening when we landed, and two in the morning of the 26th before the last of the survivors were brought off from the mud ; no wonder, therefore, that the combined effect of hunger, toil, disgrace and disaster produced such a feeling of utter indifference and dejection. But for that nip of brandy from the marine officer's flask, I, too, might have given in before the rescue came.

CHAPTER X.

The *Banterer's* Deck—An ugly Sight—Sad Thoughts—Saying their Say—Jack's Opinion of the Admiral—The Killed and Wounded—What they killed each other for—The Forts again—Battering the *Banterer*—Long Tom—Woe to the *Nimrod*—The last Shot—Spare the Dead—In we go again—Chinaman's Triumph—Night Work—The British Flag and Sam Collinson—Snarling Forts—Burning the *Plover*—The Admiral's Thanks and Jack's Growl—We return to Shanghai—Sham Sympathisers.

SHORTLY after sunrise I awoke and looked vaguely around me, but soon remembered all that had taken place, and rose and got a drink of water. What a scene presented itself! Many a one at home in England, I thought, might have learnt a useful lesson could he have seen the sight. Lying in groups round the deck were the seamen and marines, bedaubed with mud; their hair all tangled; some shoeless, some without caps; few had retained their belts, and all

looked miserable even in sleep. And to match the heap of men, there lay in ugly confusion broken muskets, spoiled and wasted ammunition, belts, pouches, cutlasses, and all the disheartening signs of a retreat; while from below came the groans of the wounded, and in many cases dying.

Turning away from this painful scene, I leant over the gunwale of the vessel watching the turbid stream, and many and sad were the thoughts that passed through my mind. Above was the bright blue sky; not far away the sparkling waves of the gulf; all nature around was for the moment quiet and peaceful; in man the storm alone raged. He, amid all God's creation, strove to make his littleness great by spreading bloodshed, desolation, and sorrow around.

When I turned again to look inboard, many of the men were up and talking of the past night, its terrible incidents, narrow escapes, and wondering what the upshot would be.

A general opinion was that the guns were fought by more than Chinamen; some asserted that they had seen Europeans dressed, and in their shirt-sleeves, walking from embrasure to embrasure; encouraging the Chinese to fight, and laying the guns; moreover, they had heard the word of command, and somebody

sing out "More powder, Jack, for the English rascals." If 'twasn't renegade Russians who said this, who was it? "I don't care who says there wasn't, but I'm certain the Long-tails didn't have all to do with the fighting!" says Curtis. "You're right, too, Tom," responded young Inwood; "and they played a good game with us, anyhow!" "They tell me the admiral's going to have another slap at 'em as soon as the gun-boats is patched up a bit," says old Fielding. "I don't so much care if he does!" "Well, strike me lucky, he'd ought to be shot if he do. Ain't there enough killed already?" "Well, let it be as 'twill; mandarins don't wear white shirts and bob-tailed coats; and they don't talk nohow like Russians," rejoins another. The admiral was strongly blamed for having made too sure of taking the forts; but all hands acknowledged that he was all right in the matter of courage, and putting on a good face; and pluck is so admirable a quality in the eyes of English seamen, that had our party had to try the admiral, they would have acquitted him with three cheers. Did we not hear afterwards that though wounded dangerously in two places he would not allow himself to be removed, but ordered the men in his boat to pull him to the vessel nearest the forts. There were two or three,

however, who thought the account of killed and wounded would be laid to his charge.

The crew of our ship, the *Highflyer*, suffered severely, having twenty-eight killed and wounded. I could hardly realise that the same men with whom I had eaten and drunk the day before, were now stiffened corpses in the mud of the Peiho. Many a bronzed and stolid face did I see bedewed with tears of real sorrow for the loss of some friendly messmate or shipmate: nothing hypocritical about it, but real, downright, heartfelt grief. And when after a while we heard the report—four hundred and sixty-four in all killed and wounded—how it rang in our ears, and how sickened we felt when the muster was called! And all this fearful scene and havoc was because John Bull wouldn't go round to the Imperial Tea-merchant's back-door.

As the day advanced most of us got a wash and a shift of clothing from our knapsacks which had been left on board the gun-boat in the lockers, and something to eat; the last being particularly acceptable after our long fast and hard work. We had not finished breakfast when the forts began giving us a few shots from their long-ranger which was mounted on the south battery; but they nearly all fell short,

striking the water ahead of us. We could see by our glasses that *Yellow Jacket* was very busy inside, patching up breaches, and remounting and replacing guns, as if in anticipation of another attack. By-and-by, however, the shots came too close to be pleasant; one struck us on the bow, making an ugly hole, and causing all who were sitting forward to jump up very suddenly to see whatever was the matter. Not relishing this, the *Banterer* shifted her berth farther out of range of their mischievous Long Tom: a lengthy brass gun, which always when fired gave out a clear ringing sound like a bell.

The *Nimrod* also shifted, and just as she was turning ahead to steam out, a savage ball came screaming and hissing through the air, all of us watching where it would pitch, not thinking it would reach the shipping, when crash—it burst through the *Nimrod's* waist, and we knew by the piercing shriek which immediately followed, that it had done mischief. And so it had, for three were killed and seven wounded.

This was the Chinaman's last harmful shot: fearfully and fatally had it told.

The enemy, taking courage from our shifting, came out on the mud in front of the forts, and were soon

busily engaged picking up all the arms and equipments which had been dropped in the retreat, or thrown away for self-preservation. A rich harvest they must have made of it. But not content with the plunder, they must needs abuse the lifeless bodies of our shipmates. We couldn't stand that, so our vessel and the *Janus* hove up anchor, steamed right up under the batteries, and sent a bouquet of three or four ten-inch shell amongst the mob of plunderers; to which they replied by a spirited discharge of ginjalls. The forts presently took up their cause; whereupon we had recourse to our muskets, and blazed away for about a quarter of an hour, till the Chinese, being tired or frightened, fled to their cover. Then away we steamed again out of range, the forts sending one or two harmless shots after us. Then parties came and made prizes of some of our boats, which, having been abandoned, had drifted in under the batteries; and with evident triumph they rowed away towards the river, shouting derisively.

So passed the 26th. When night came, Captain Willes, taking a boat's crew from the different vessels, went to try and recover some stores from the sunken despatch-boat *Cormorant*, and the two gun-

boats *Lee* and *Plover*. This enterprise was repeated for several nights afterwards. One night they got up steam in the *Cormorant*, but after the engines had turned once they stopped, and never moved afterwards; so the engines were smashed, to make sure that she should not prove any great catch to the Celestials, for, besides her damaged machinery, she had been hit by forty-seven shot between wind and water.

After this the Chinese came to see what they could grab from the unlucky vessel. One of the things they took was the ensign which had been nailed to the *Cormorant's* main, to make them believe she was not abandoned; and we saw them present it to some fellow with a feather in his cap, perhaps the commandant of the forts, or Sangkolinsin himself, whom our men called "Sam Collinson," declaring that he was a marine who had deserted from one of our ships and joined the enemy. The flag was received by this worthy very graciously, and they had it hoisted on the fort out of bravado.

Night was the favourite time with those snarlers for firing, and we used to sit and watch them, although what they wasted their powder and ball for

was a mystery to our side : it could not be to harm us, for we were out of range entirely. Probably they did it to let us see they were quite ready for us at any time we should be condescending enough to oblige them. One of their nightly jobs was to set fire to the *Plover*. At first she burned but slowly, and was smouldering all next day ; but in the evening she blazed up high and fiercely, and it appeared as though she were engaged, when her shells exploded one by one. The glare of the burning vessel lighted up the forts, and we could see the battlements swarming with soldiers, who evidently enjoyed the spectacle. Gradually the boat burnt down to the water's edge ; flickered up fitfully for a moment ; and then all was again darkness.

After remaining before the forts till the 4th of July, we returned with the gun-boats to the fleet, and right glad was I to get on board my own ship again. We could not be jolly, however, for we had lost shipmates, and our captain was badly wounded in the foot.

Shortly after this a letter of thanks from the admiral was read to us from the quarter-deck. The gallant chief deplored the failure of the attack ; it

had not, he said, pleased Almighty God to grant us the blessing of success, yet neither he nor our country would think any the worse of us on that account; and he wound up with an expression of his hearty thanks.

Well! all this was very gratifying, although to some a guinea to spend in drink and dissipation would have been far more preferable. "Oh, hang the letter of thanks! what good 'll that do a fellow! What say you, Charlie?" "Why, I hope the old 'un 'll be superseded in the command. He an admiral! why my big sister u'd make a sight better one than he!" "Well now, look here," says Tommy, "you're all talking about what you can't eat. I say the admiral acted well as far as ever he knowed how! Yes! and I'm blessed if any man could ever have set his people a better example than he did! I say make him red at the main: 'tain't no more nor he ought to have!" But these opinions were not delivered without a good sprinkling of naval interjections. The fleet in China swore as roundly as ever the army did in Flanders.

The *Highflyer* sailed from the Gulf on the 10th of July, and arrived without any incident of importance,

and after a sixteen days' run, at Shanghai. As soon as we dropped anchor our ship was besieged by news-mongers, all eager to hear about the Peiho, and very eager to condole with such as had been wounded; but not practically; the theoretical way suited them best. I set them down as belonging to the sounding brass and tinkling cymbals sort.

CHAPTER XI.

Disturbance in the City — Armed Patrol — The Club-house — A luxurious Breakfast — A Word for Growlers — Another Disturbance — Drifting and Howling — Down in the Dust — A Buster of Coffee — An Attack of Ophthalmia — Good News — Hey! for Japan — Vladimir Bay — Grand Scenery — A Fishing Party — Merry Hauling — An unstiffened Lieutenant — Fine Salmon — Toad-fish — Slime-dabs — Native Fishermen — A fine Place for Robinson Crusoe — Off Nagasaki — A beautiful Coast — A charming Harbour — At Anchor.

ON the 3rd of August we had a long and hard day's work on board our ship, and at night, instead of rest, we had to go ashore armed, as there was a disturbance among the Chinese, provoked by attempts at kidnapping; and they had been ill-using Europeans, and trying to confine them in their houses. We patrolled the streets till one o'clock, and met with no disturber more formidable than gaunt, houseless dogs or a terrified cat, and then returned to head-

quarters, the Shanghai Club-house, where we lay down for the remainder of the night, keeping sentries at the inner and outer gates. For artillery we had one field-piece, placed in the court-yard. At bugle call in the morning we turned out; soon had a good wash, getting water from a spring in the yard, and ere long our breakfast arrived from the ship, brought by the boys and a few men, who had been left on board. We ate it with good appetite, seated in groups in the grassy quadrangle, sheltered from the sun by the high walls and surrounding buildings. Soft bread with cocoa for sailors! Certain good folks at home would hardly credit it. I fancy some might even say it was a breach of discipline. Biscuit is quite good enough for sailors; but let these good folks remember that without sailors they could not stay at home comfortably and growl. Breakfast over we patrolled again, but all appeared quiet; so we were ordered back to the ship to clean ourselves and get dinner.

We went ashore again about two o'clock, and passed in our march the French guard, who saluted us, several of them running out to shake hands with us, in the fulness of their good feeling. We had not been in the club-house half an hour, when a messenger

came running in with word that the Chinese had made an attempt to fire the French consul's house, and stop the passage of the bridge over the river. We were soon on the spot, although with the thermometer at 98°, and a scorching sun, marching the streets was no joke. But arrived at the scene of anticipated contest we found no sign of rioters, neither was the house on fire; so that we not only got a false report, but a hot tramp into the bargain; and, to complete the matter, through some stupid blunder on the part of certain authorities, we missed all the ale which the consul sent out for us.

The same night we went on board, but had scarcely settled ourselves to sleep before we had to go ashore again. The merchant ships above us, in a sudden panic, were hailing frantically, "Men-of-war, there! The junks are drifting down upon us!" The Chinese in the city at this time were making a fearful noise, howling and firing guns; but how the junks could be drifting down with a five-knot current running up, was rather an amusing mystery; but imagination in such cases works wonders.

We were soon landed and marched up the Bund to the eastern end of the settlement, near to the city

gates; we here formed in close line, loaded our muskets with ball-cartridge, capped, and waited for further orders; the hubbub in the city still continuing. However, as nobody appeared to receive our charges, we stood easy, and after a time, the city getting quiet, the officer in command gave the order to "Ground arms, but no straggling." "Well, here's for a doze," said one; "So says I," cried another; and before long most of us lay down in the thick dust on the roadway or on the bridge, and soon slept, fatigued with the day's duty. Nothing further occurred during the night; the sentries went off and on, and the sleepers were not disturbed. In the morning before going aboard we breakfasted at the expense of a wealthy Englishman, who supplied coffee and pic-nic biscuits in abundance. Most of the men went in for a "buster of coffee," as they said; but even sailors can be satisfied, and we left plenty of fragments.

After our return on board, we were nearly all afflicted with ophthalmia. I was blind for three days, but happily became soon convalescent.

Often had we talked about Japan, how we should like to go there; so when orders actually came for us to take a cruize in that quarter we at first thought the news too good to be true. But it was true, and

on the 17th of August we left Shanghai for the Gulf of Tartary.

"Gulf of Tartar is that the place we're going to? Shall we find when we get there we've caught a Tartar?" said old Jem.

"No, Jem; but we might get a small dose of cream of tartar," answered his messmate, intending to be witty.

The first night we anchored at King-Tang, in order to despatch letters to the flag-ship lying there. On the 23rd we passed the Powshan Islands, a very bold and lofty group, and on the 25th came in sight of Vladimir Bay; then got up steam to weather the point, which runs out into the gulf, and this once doubled, a beautiful scene appeared in view. Around us rose lofty hills clad in sombre green, divided by well-wooded and deep-shelving valleys, and fine inland plains. The shore presented in some parts a very bold front, rising precipitous, in others assuming an aspect of grandeur, where some of the bluffs, having the appearance of ancient ruins, frowned in grim blackness on the restless waves below. As we steamed in and the bay gradually opened we descried the masts of the *Actæon* and *Dove* surveying vessels above a low, far-projecting spit of land.

Vladimir Bay is capacious, receding into deep, sheltered bights in the land, forming picturesque little creeks, and nice smooth landing-places. What a treat it was to take in water from a pure and limpid spring, that bubbled up in a grassy hollow, besprinkled with flowers and backed by fine trees. Though not more than three yards from the sea, the water was delicious.

On the opposite shore flowed a stream large enough for a boat to pull into. Here we had two nights' fishing. The last of these excursions surpassed our most sanguine expectations, and our success kept us in good humour. We shoved off from the ship about 4 P.M. with all necessary tackle, and, pulling away to the head of the bay, near a little fresh-water creek, hove-to, and cast the line; then, throwing off our upper garments, overboard we went, and commenced to haul the net in shore, laughing and joking as now and then one of our party chanced to stumble and went head over into the clear water. Our first lieutenant, who had charge of the party, entered heartily into the spirit of the thing, and laughed and joked with us, dropping for the time his usual stiff manner.

By-and-by we drew the net to land, and discovered

plenty of fine fish entangled in the meshes—fourteen or fifteen fine salmon, and more than enough of rock cod. But there yet remained one corner of the net to be emptied of the struggling captives; so out we shook them. No sooner were they out of their element than they showed their nature, swelling up tremendously, and exuding quantities of slime, by which we knew they were toad-fish, not good to eat, being poisonous. “Don’t care about them,” said old George Davis, who acted as ganger; “them fish eats dead bodies, and they’ll run at a naked hook for the fun of the thing.” We cast again and again, with various fortune, one of our hauls consisting of nothing but these toad-fish—“slime-dabs,” as some of our party called them—till darkness came on; then, kindling a fire upon the beach, and lighting a lantern in the bow of the boat, we continued our exciting pastime. Presently the stars kept us company, the water began to feel cool, and the night breeze chilly; and as the boat showed a good take, and we all felt uncommonly peckish, we returned to the ship: and so ended my first fishing excursion. What a jolly breakfast we had next morning!

Some fishermen came into the bay the day after our arrival. They were dressed much after the

fashion of other Chinese, but were more simple and rude in their manners, at the same time having an honest and candid expression of countenance rare among the Celestials, which gave one a favourable opinion of them at first sight. They readily bartered away some fine bearskins, asking in exchange only a few yards of seamen's blue cloth.

Vladimir Bay is very secluded, abounds in fish, is a fair anchorage, and the neighbouring woods shelter plenty of game. Many of our fellows said, "Blest if they wouldn't like to be shoved ashore there. A fine place, and no mistake."

We left it on the 6th of September, with a fair ten-knot breeze. On the 12th we arrived off Nagasaki, and saw a more beautiful line of coast than any I had ever set eyes on. We were under steam, and as we glided along close under the high land the views we got were charming. The coast is very bold in most parts; in others gentle hills rise from the sandy and pebbly beach, covered with thick underwood and fine trees, and so dense as to seem almost impenetrable.

The entrance to the harbour is long and narrow, shut in by overhanging hills, teeming with the richest vegetation, in which occasional openings show peeps

of cultivated country, and the dim blue of hills in the distance. While passing an island at the entrance we saw many guns mounted, and, as we steamed farther on gun after gun appeared perched up among the woody heights, where a lover of the picturesque would not think of looking for them. Still advancing, we discovered a pretty little bay where stood a cluster of fishing-huts; or a little dell would appear nestling under the mountain, and dotted with pretty little cottages—real Japanese cottages. This was the Japan we had longed to behold. We could see their inmates, looking out eagerly upon the wonderful fire-ship as she slowly steamed on to her anchorage in the inner harbour; a beautiful bay, shut in by quiet hills, with the straggling and picturesque town of Nagasaki at their base.

And thus, at last, had the wish of most of us been realised! and we gazed upon the scenery of a Japanese landscape, and our anchor was firmly hooked in Japanese holding-ground.

CHAPTER XII.

My first Walk in Japan—A Paradise after China—Clean Streets—Clean Houses—Hard Beds—Policemen—A Temple—Queer Worship—Chanting and Drumming—The exhorting Gong—English much goodee—Kanagawa—Hospitable Population—The Baths and Dress—On Shore at Yeddo—The Tycoon's Palace—Water-Nymphs—Sandalled Horses—Bakers—Cheap Fare and Fruit—Hakodadi—Stoned Roofs—Fish caught by Noise—Huckster Boats—Custom-house Officers—The Governor's Visit—The State Barge—A Party for the Burial-ground—The Sacred Fire—The ancient Fireman—Pack-horses—A grateful Kiss—Flagstaff and Salute.

If I looked eagerly and inquisitively about me upon first going ashore in China, much more so did I on my first walk in Japan. The large number of well-dressed people wearing swords were the first things that attracted my attention. These, I understood, were gentlemen. They appeared very clean—a pleasing contrast to the Chinese; and they did not wear

talons instead of nails. The streets of Nagasaki are not paved, neither is there any attempt at gutters or drains or spouts for the house-roofs. But the people do at least keep their houses clean, and, not being in the habit of throwing all refuse and dirt out at their front doors, the streets are clean and passable also—quite a paradise after a Chinese town; as some of our crew said, “’Twas like going into heaven” after China.

I liked the appearance of their houses, which seemed to me to be mostly built of wood, two stories in height. Suppose we have a look at the inside. There is a small space of earth, perfectly smooth and flat, just within the doorway; beyond this the floor is raised and boarded, and covered with grass mats, very clean, and, as Bob Brady said once, “white as a hound’s tooth; he wouldn’t mind having his dinner off of ’em.” To reach this raised portion you must take off your shoes. No decoration beyond a few simple carvings, so far as I saw, adorned the rooms. The beds are raised above the floor, and are covered with mats, which serve for mattress or bed. Hard lying is, perhaps, no hardship at Nagasaki.

Instead of glass for the windows, a beautiful kind of paper is used, which admits a subdued and

mellow light, and is less liable than glass to be fractured by earthquakes. Their shops are open, and very similar to those of the Chinese; but I thought the shopkeepers seemed very obliging, and that they did not exhibit such anxiety and desire for money as do their less estimable neighbours the Chinese. I saw many policemen in the streets, whose staff of office is a long rod, with three iron rings on the top, which jangle together as they walk along. The people seemed to be very much frightened at them. I fancy it is a rare thing among them to hear of a lark with the "shiners," as Jack called the policemen.

One day I passed close to a large and gaudily decorated temple: inside it was finely ornamented with devices, carvings, and richly-worked hangings; in the centre of the floor, and under a showy silk canopy, stood the god they worship—gigantic in height, big-faced, goggle-eyed, and with a stomach decidedly corpulent. In one hand he held a large club, and in the other a quiver of arrows, which he, no doubt, was prepared to hurl at those "as didn't choose to make fools of themselves," whispered Charley Cane to me. A little to the right, and near the door, hung a bunch of low-toned, musical,

tinkling bells, which worshippers shook as they entered, to attract, as we thought, the god's attention. Then they fell upon their knees, and commenced a monotonous chant, which was kept up about ten minutes; the priest, with shaven crown, long black robe, and sandalled feet, walking meanwhile round the edifice, bearing a stick of incense in his hand, as if to make the petitioners' prayers acceptable. A little boy in attendance on the priest kept time to the low chant with a small drum, which, nevertheless, made a great noise. The walls inside and outside were covered with inscriptions in native characters, resembling somewhat those of the Chinese. In nooks and corners of the court-yard were figures of the god set back in little stone niches; and I saw various offerings, such as flowers, trinkets, and money, strewn on the ground before these dwarfish effigies. When the priest thinks the god is impatient, and stands in need of homage, he strikes a loud and melodiously-sounding gong, to call worshippers to a sense of their short-comings.

I do not think that the Japanese have been at all rightly represented as to their coolness and reserve towards strangers; for when we dropped anchor in the harbour many boats, with two-sworded gentlemen

in them, came about the ship, inquiring in broken English who we were; and as soon as we said "English," they were very pleased, and exclaimed, "English much goodee—very goodee English!" From which I infer that although such a short time has elapsed since England was admitted to intercourse with them, a favourable impression has yet been made. On shore, also, it appeared to me that Englishmen had the precedence, and are looked on with far more respect than others. I heard, also, that among the Imperial family a good feeling for the English predominates.

On September 14th we steamed out of Nagasaki harbour, having on board the English Consul for Hakodadi. Nothing of note occurred during the run, till our arrival and anchorage in Kanagawa Bay, Strait of Yedo. In our route up the Strait the scenery was pleasant; but the characteristics before noticed prevail—hills and hollows, bluffs and cliffs, forest and field, and tall pinnacled crags, which shoot up into the depth of blue sky, like solitary watchers of these wave-washed shores. Between these we got pleasant glimpses of fertile country and little scattered hamlets. Kanagawa Bay suddenly opens from the Strait, revealing the town, seated on a

pretty wooded hollow, at the foot of a range of bold hills, with the lofty snow-capped summit of Fusyama towering up into the clouds.

The town is small, the houses are built of wood, the streets are clean and wide, but not paved; shops are numerous, with a good supply of native goods. The people here were very hospitable and friendly, making signs to us to enter their houses; in fact, their looks seemed to say, "Come in and sit down;" and they appeared hurt at a refusal. We were not slow to avail ourselves of this hospitality; some would say, "Come on, chaps, let's go in here and have a feed on the cheap!"

I looked one day into the public baths and saw there the people of both sexes bathing away very merrily together, and apparently without the slightest sense of indecorum.

The dress of the working men is very simple; it consists of a white cotton wrapper passing between the legs and secured behind, leaving the chest, legs, and arms entirely bare and free for work. The dress of the women is more becoming to their sex: they wear loose silk trousers, blue generally, or white cotton, and a graceful and flowing robe above of the same material, which reaches to the knee. The married

women have black teeth, and all of them have comely features and persons, and fair skins. Not moony; or, as some of our crew said, "as if they'd had a dingbat across the bows with a deal board like the Chinese."

On the 22nd we lifted our anchor and steamed fifteen miles farther up the Strait, and anchored about six miles from the city of Yeddo; the shallowness of the water preventing our getting nearer. However, as our boats were going to and fro every day, I luckily had the opportunity to go on shore, and saw something of the famous capital of Japan. It stands upon a very fertile eminence overlooking the Strait and the surrounding country, which is flat and well cultivated.

The houses, as in other places, are low, and mostly built of wood; the streets are very long, tolerably well paved with rough stone, and exceedingly clean; and, as it appears, sanitary matters are not forgotten. The Tycoon, as the Emperor is called, has a very fine palace. I only saw it at a distance. I should have liked a peep at the Hall of Audience, which has golden pillars, and three towers, each nine stories high, plated with gold.

I noticed the same indifference as to appearance or

sense of impropriety here as at Kanagawa. While rowing to shore one morning early, we saw upon the beach a crowd of both sexes bathing, most of them stark naked and frolicking in the water. They appeared in no way disconcerted by the arrival of our boats; in fact, some of these nymphs swam after us; but as we pulled with a will, they soon gave up the chase. Old Dan, our coxswain, said, "Fine gals, them; shouldn't mind one like them for my wife; not afraid of the water." It was well for the damsels they did not understand other remarks that were made upon them.

I did not observe any horses in Nagasaki, but in Yeddo I saw plenty: a small, spirited little breed. They are shod with a kind of sandal tied to their feet by thongs. In driving no whip is used, but a word or a nod from the driver seems quite sufficient to make the brisk little creatures put out their speed.

Here also I noticed a difference in the dress of the men: the scantiness which struck me in other places does not prevail in Yeddo to the same extent; the upper class wear loose flowing breeches, and an elegant silk wrapper fastened in front by a fanciful pin, and with loose and ample sleeves. Sandals are worn fastened to the feet by neat leathern thongs. I saw

in some of the shops beautiful specimens of these sandals exposed for sale, mostly in the lacquer-ware shops, not laid out for show, but placed on shelves around the walls. It would not do, however, to stand looking into shops on a rainy day, for with spoutless houses, gutterless streets, and no raised footways, a fellow might stand a chance of being washed away.

The bakers place their bread on a kind of sloping board at their door, and cakes and gingerbread are kept in little tins and boxes; but the great bulk of the trade appears to be done by out-door dealers with baskets and stalls, who sell oftentimes a better thing than the shopkeepers. I saw no flowers in the houses, nor singing-birds in cages.

Here and at Kanagawa everything is very cheap: we could get eight loaves of bread, each about the size of a twopenny one at home, for half an itzeboe, a couple of ten-pound salmon for an itzeboe, sugar, twelve pounds for two itzeboes, a couple of fat plump fowls for half an itzeboe, and I dare say other things, such as clothing, paper, and the like, although I never bought any, are in proportion. A basket of beautiful grapes, such rich, luscious, black, thumping berries, that their very look is tempting, can be bought for an itzeboe, or tenpence.

We left Yeddo on the 9th of October, taking with us the Consul and his family for Hakodadi, and the Consul-General from Yeddo; and after calling in at Kanagawa for fresh beef, bore away to the northward, with a fair wind and sparkling sea. The distance from Yeddo to Hakodadi is about three hundred and fifty miles.

The entrance to Hakodadi from the Strait of Sangar is narrow, overhung by high, gloomy-looking hills, frequently shrouded in mists, which, rolling away from their sides, obscures the entrance of the harbour. But, these passed, the harbour opens to view, girdled on two sides by high land, and at the inner extremity by low flats, beyond which we got a glimpse of the blue ocean, and a stretch of flat country scenery.

The town extends itself upon the right-hand going in, on the rise of a bluff and wooded hill, which extends far in the rear of the town, covered with patches of fir and heath about half way up. The houses are, as usual, of wood, but more strongly built, and less like shanties than in other towns; the roofs are loaded with enormous stones, and smaller stones fill the intervening spaces, a precaution against the violent gales which sweep this part of the coast with tremendous

fury. The streets are broad, but in wretched condition; hence in wet weather the mud is distressing.

In the early morning the harbour presents a curious spectacle, numerous fishing-boats pulling away to their daily toil, and the strange chant of the crews as their oars rise and fall, is borne not unmelodiously upon the breeze. They use a curious practice to entice the fish to their nets; pulling out well into the bay, where they know the fish resort, they strike with staves a sounding-board in the boat, which gives out a peculiar hollow sound. The finny community flock towards the place of the sound, and are of course caught.

The huckster-boats, also laden with provisions, row out from the shore and come alongside, their occupants seeming ready to welcome the stranger. In most of these boats there sat a Dutchman who did all the selling, or at least took the money, and saw that the seamen did not try to 'do' the Japanese; but many of the men used to go down and come back with fish, bread, or grapes, all on the 'cheap,' having been too smart for the boatmen to detect them.

Soon after our arrival, which seemed to excite much surprise, the ship was frequented by two-sworded custom-house officers, each well dressed, and with a peculiar mark on his back to indicate his profession.

Though very polite they were also very inquisitive about our guns, their number and capabilities, and seemed greatly astonished when we fired one for their amusement.

Our having the British Consul on board for this port brought us an unusual number of visitors, among whom came his Excellency the Governor, who was mightily pleased with our ship, and the attentions he received. The questions which he asked on different subjects showed great intelligence and ability; and, as we understood, his tendencies in common with those of many of his countrymen lean towards the English.

His Excellency was dressed in the simplest style of Japanese fashion: loose silk trousers, and a fine flowered silk mantle without sleeves, and fitting like a cloak. He carried one sword, and was bareheaded. His hands looked as if he were not unused to work for himself, although he was a governor. Our men all said of him, "What a fine man!"

We thought his state-barge a model of Japanese boat-building; in shape it was like a Venetian gondola, with cabin richly decorated, and was emblazoned with the illustrious man's arms, while on the roof were displayed silken banners, and emblems of his autho-

rity. There were numerous rowers, who sat on finely carved and polished benches, which were covered with well padded and showy-looking cushions.

Going ashore one day with a funeral party from our own ship, one of the men having suddenly died, and arriving at the burial-ground for Europeans, upon the top of a wooded and pleasant hill, whence a splendid prospect of the bay and surrounding country is obtained, we came upon an old Japanese man, who was very busy attending to two large fires, from which a disagreeable odour arose.

On coming nearer, prompted by curiosity, we halted, full of remarks one to another upon the evident pleasure with which the ancient fellow kept the fire going, and some of our party, with "Here's for a draw," took the opportunity to light their pipes at the, as we afterwards learned, sacred fire. One of our officers looking on and hearing our conjectures on the subject, told us that it was the custom of the higher class of Japanese to burn their dead, collect the ashes, and bury them enclosed in an urn.

No wonder there was a bad smell; the venerable was burning a corpse, and we noticed how carefully he picked out the small bones, and laid them aside on

a cloth, and fanned the ashes from them with the broad brim of his straw hat. While looking at him I thought he might not inaptly have been likened to the old toll-man of Styx who once punted across the souls of mortals. Our party now held their noses, and some said, "Wouldn't be in his shoes and do that if they'd pay me for it." The custom among the lower orders, on the occurrence of a death, is to dress the body carefully in clean white linen, and bury it in a sitting position.

The graves of the noble and rich are, as is the case often in other countries, in some instances beautifully built. At times a miniature temple is erected over the grave, in which the survivors may offer up prayers for the soul of the departed. After the prayers, offerings of freshly-gathered flowers, coins, and perfumes are deposited. These appear never to be taken away, so sacred are they esteemed. Many of the offerings which we saw withered and weather-stained had doubtless lain undisturbed on the tomb for years.

So far as I could observe, a Japanese funeral, instead of being a scene of mournful instruction, is one of great gaiety and dissipation. The procession is

quite a gaudy affair; banners and flags of many kinds displaying inscriptions, some with native green dragons, and the figure of a deity, the latter surrounded by a haze, and looking anything but benevolent, are borne by men wearing their ordinary dress, for it does not appear to be the custom to exhibit mourning by a change of dress. Behind these the body is borne by a number of bearers, according to the rank of the deceased, covered by a gaudily worked pall, either of velvet or silk; and relatives, and the idle and gaping public, bring up the rear. There is but little appearance of sorrow, and less silence; and when they come to the grave they place offerings on the ground, and set up a kind of subdued howl, and soon after hurry away.

Whether the same practice prevails in other places is more than I can tell; but such was the scene I witnessed at Hakodadi.

I saw also that for riding and conveyance there were, as at the South, numbers of little horses, and the streets are quite lively with strings of them, loaded with vegetables and other things, which are thus brought from the interior of the country. Many of the drivers of these ponies are pretty native girls, and I

once caught a refractory pony and held it for its mistress, and I was repaid by a smacking kiss, and a grateful look from her dark eyes ; nevertheless, I was not captivated by her, nor did I forget a certain little somebody else far away.

One of our duties here was to rig and plant a flag-staff for the Consul in front of his house, on a fine slope overlooking the bay. We made a natty job of it, and when finished, up went the Union Jack ; and the thunder and smoke of a salute of twenty-one guns from H.M.S. *Highflyer* announced to the Hakodadians the important fact that a British Consul had taken up his residence among them

CHAPTER XIII.

Departure from Hakodadi—The *Highflyer* aground—Kanagawa again—Japanese Diet and Junks—Rowing anyhow—Domestic Life—Hatred of Chinamen—What the Highflyers thought—Departure—Touch at Shanghai—Hong-Kong: a Disappointment—Growling with a Cause—Our Captain goes Home—Up to Whampoa—Our new Captain—A Dab-down—The Mud Dock Builders—Study under Difficulties—Messmates and Crossmates—The Admiral's Visit—My Messmates—A Run on French Island—Cotton-cleaning—Warlike Preparations—Scenes on Shore.

WE left Hakodadi on the 26th, and in due time arrived in the Strait of Yeddo, and as it fell calm, got up steam, and we glided along pleasantly through the water, till nearly six bells in the first watch, when, going but slowly at the time, we struck upon a hard sandy shoal, and, despite all our exertions, couldn't get off till the middle of next day. Happily the ship sustained but trifling damage, and soon after

we again were at anchor in the Bay of Kanagawa. As this was the last time we anchored in Japanese waters, I will add a few remarks about what the people eat before saying good-bye to them. Their food, so far as I could see, is chiefly vegetable ; but there is a considerable consumption of fowls, and the various courses are served up at table in very small dishes, on waiters of the native lacquered ware. Great propriety is observed during the meals, each course having its clean plates, and so forth.

Among the exports are vast quantities of potatoes, equal to those of European growth ; and another important article is the jappanned ware ; and a certain kind of vegetable tallow, beautifully clean, white, and hard.

As by a law of the empire trading voyages to foreign countries are not permitted, the Japanese junks are built only for coasting voyages. Their construction is such that they could not stand in a sea-way, being perfectly flat-bottomed, high at the bow and stern, with a hollow running up into the centre of the vessel, just like the paper boats we used to make at school. They are rigged with a large sail of thin cotton cloth, fitted to a single stout spar in the centre of the deck. The stern is comfortably fitted

up with cabins and eating-rooms, all perfectly clean. The midship part of the junk is for cargo. The cables are made of coir, and the anchors of a dark heavy material not unlike iron-wood.

Their row-boats are of good build, having bow and stern alike, with a keel also after the fashion of Europeans. Japanese rowers, however, do not pull together, but one after the other—"the same as they came into the world," said one of our gruff Highflyers, as he stood watching their movements.

The Japanese women enjoy a far greater amount of freedom and happiness than do those of the Chinese. In their conduct to their children they seem very loving and gentle. I never saw among them the porter-like practice of carrying their children in sacks behind their backs; but groups of parents may be seen playing with their little ones outside the door, in the calm evenings, with evident pleasure, the husband sitting by on the stone bench, smoking his pipe, and calmly enjoying the happiness of his family.

Another marked characteristic with the Japanese is their hatred of the Chinamen. This arises possibly from the expeditions which the latter have several times sent against the Japanese with the intention of making them pay tribute and yield obedience to the

Brother of the Sun and Moon; but the Japanese, like bricks as they were, proudly refused, and gave the Celestials some severe thrashings, so that they got at last satisfied; and in the spirit of "You are best man—I've done," the Chinese begged to be allowed to trade to the port of Nagasaki once a year with two junks. This was granted, and to the present time the junks are sent for their yearly cargo. To sum up, I may say the Japanese are far less bad-smelling, far more polite than the Chinaman, besides being quite as learned, and twice as ingenious. We thought them preferable in all respects. One does meet with fair and upright dealing in Japan, but it ought never to be depended upon in China, where the trader's main object is to cheat and mislead. Most of us were very much pleased at having had a chance of seeing Japan, and some of our grumblers said, "'Twas a fizzing country—they'd like to live there." At all events, the change from the sickly Shanghai River, the fresh scenery, strange people, and Japanese breezes, had wonderfully improved the health of all hands.

On the 10th of November we said farewell to this interesting and still partially mysterious country, of which I, for one, would gladly have seen more. Ten

days later we touched at Shanghai to say good-bye, and take in old Government stores, and then, having steamed down to Woosung, we took advantage of a favourable breeze and made all sail, heading away for Hong-Kong, most of us in good spirits, and all of us thinking that when we arrived there we should get orders for home. We had heard, moreover, that we were likely to be sent to Singapore. But all our hopes were cruelly dispelled, for we had not been many hours in Hong-Kong when word was brought that, after refitting, we were to go up that Canton River again. Here was a disappointment! The very thought made us gloomy and savage; and all hands foresaw a very discontented ship. Why were we not ordered home? We had been exposed to risk and danger for three years—quite long enough for a spell. Why, of all others, should we be selected for that blessed Canton River? Thus we grumbled and growled like so many bears.

Our growling, however, did not make me forget to go to the hospital-ship *Melville* and thank Dr. Anderson for bringing the parcel. He received me very kindly, placed a bottle of beer before me, and allowed me to talk to him for nearly two hours. It was such a pleasure to inquire about my friends in England—

for he had seen them since I had—and to hear his remarks about many things that were new to me. It made up in some degree for our disappointment. At length he rose, shook my hand, and said he must go and look after his patients, among whom he always found plenty of occupation.

The weather at this time was remarkably fine, so much so that on Christmas Day we had service on the upper-deck in the open air. How different I fancied it was at home. There frost and snow and snug fire-sides could be found, and holly branches with red berries bedecking the churches, and mistletoe hanging from many a ceiling, under which——But to return.

January 1st, 1860.—Under this date I find written in my log-book: “Captain Shadwell gives up charge to-day, and goes to England by the next mail. May he have a pleasant passage home; soon get the better of his wound, and live to command many another gallant ship with honour and distinction!”

January 18th, at daylight, we left for Whampoa to go into dock. Unfortunately, in our passage up the river, and when a mile or so beyond the Bogue, our port boiler sprung a leak, or, as some clever newspaper correspondent had it, “burst.” We wished it had, for then we should have had to go home whether

or not. The accident compelled us to steam the rest of the distance with only one boiler.

On arrival at Whampoa the next morning, we hauled immediately alongside the wharf, under the shears, and commenced clearing the afterpart of the vessel, and had two days of very hard work before she was light enough to enter the dock. The tides being highest at night, we went in after dark; and the next morning saw us properly shored up, and the steam-engines busy pumping the dock dry. The same day our new captain joined the ship, and he was no sooner on board than all hands had to appear aft, where we saw our chief standing on the quarter-deck—a little man, in striking contrast to the tall and portly gentleman who had left us. After taking a look at us, he read his commission hastily and indistinctly, making a three minutes' job of it; then, folding up the document, he said sharply, and in a squeaking nasal tone, "Pipe down!" and set an example of obedience by immediately diving below. Well, here was something for us to talk about, which would help us to get over a day or two of our wearisome anchorage; and of course we canvassed our new master pretty freely. We soon found out that, although in the main a man of few words, he could swear pretty freely when the

fit took him. Most of the old hands called him "four foot of trash."

I had frequently heard a great talk of Whampoa, and had passed it at a distance, yet I never expected to see it close, still less to dock there; but as I am here, and likely to be so for the next twelve months, I commit to paper, or, as Jack Lee said to me, "dab down" what I think of it.

The river, as you approach it, is crowded with small craft of all sorts, plying about continually to and from the shipping, which here muster pretty strongly, all waiting for that indispensable commodity, tea.

Whampoa New Town (the city is a mile farther inland) is a confused mass of houses, partly on the north and partly on the south bank of the stream, and looks as though, at some time far back, there had happened a shower of houses, falling some in bunches of twos and threes, others quite isolated; then a grand jumble of stone, wood, bricks, and mortar. It puzzled me at times to make out how the people could live there.

The country for a mile or so within sight of the river is for the most part flat and well wooded and cultivated; farther inland it assumes a bolder charac-

ter, rising into partially wooded hills, down which torrents rush with lively noise; and amid these hills are villages secluded in the valleys and embosomed in trees. Far away to the north-east are dimly seen the heights of Canton, and look which way you will, there is the ever present feature of a Chinese landscape—water.

But this little sketch would not be complete if I were to omit some mention of the docks, which are so useful to shipping in Chinese waters.

A few years ago there arrived at Whampoa an energetic English artisan and his son; they had a small capital, so they bought some land close to the water, and dug and built docks lined with wood, commonly called mud-docks; large enough, however, to hold a good-sized ship. By-and-by, shipping frequenting the docks, they built more, till still further requirements forced upon them the necessity of a stone dock; but before the elder Cowper could properly make his plans, the disturbances in his neighbourhood nipped the project for a time, and before another chance occurred, he was treacherously seized from on board his own chop, and was strangled at Canton by order of Yeh. The son, however, inherited his father's

energy ; and now there is a range of good docks : two entirely of stone.

Near Whampoa, and up one of the numerous creeks, is a lonely circular tomb among the hills, where, as tradition has it, lies buried the great Kwang, a sober citizen and sometime governor, or Tauti of Whampoa, but who, for his partiality to Europeans, was beheaded. To this time in the neighbourhood his name is mentioned with great respect.

I told my messmates this story once : "Well, I'm blowed," says Jemmy King, "he was a fool and no mistake ; didn't know when he was well off, he didn't !"

Truly reading and writing on board ship are done under trying difficulties. On all sides, and fore-and-aft, men are singing and talking, card-playing, fighting, and even drinking ; for in spite of the strict and severe rules against the smuggling of liquor into the ship, men *will* and *do* do it, heedless of consequences. Or perhaps in the mess next your own they are keeping up a chum's birthday. Before them on the table is a large kettle of rum, or brandy-flip ; the glass is passed repeatedly round, till the liquor beginning to take effect, they commence singing, dancing, and quarrelling, which often leads to fighting : in such cases

the results are, the liquor is capsized, the combatants look nasty at one another, and knock each other about to their utmost, till the master-at-arms, attracted by the noise, comes to the scene of conflict, collars the chief actors, and marches them on the quarter-deck, where the first-luff, making but short work of it, orders them in irons. They are taken below to the cockpit to repent in darkness, and left to their own reflections, which cannot be of the pleasantest kind, for if they be reported to the captain he makes no hesitation in talking of four dozen.

Such scenes are not uncommon even in a well-disciplined ship, but of course they bring their own punishment, and the leaders of them are never treated with any kind of confidence.

March 16th.—We were inspected by Admiral Hope, who told us of his entire satisfaction. I admired the appearance of the brave chief. He is tall and well built, with an open and commanding countenance, and bright blue eyes that seem to pierce right through one; some of our men said, “he’d got a eye like a hawk,” and that there were “no two ways about *him*.” We were very glad to see the Admiral recovered from his terrible wounds, for after doing what he did at Peiho the men could not but ad-

mire and respect him. But there were some who thought Sir Michael Seymour the better man of the two.

Well, now let me introduce my messmates; the reader knows one or two already :

First in order comes the caterer, generally a steady-going petty-officer, who is considered responsible for the orderly state of the mess, and any faults committed by his messmates. Harry B. is an open-hearted, intelligent man, fond of reading, and very well informed; he is tolerably lenient and impartial in his judgment. He and I often used to have a romp together.

Then there's Mikey, a real broth of a boy; good-tempered when sober, but inclined to liquor, and when so, extremely wild and racketty. He has read a great deal, and is pretty intelligent and thoughtful; in fact, quite a step above the common herd. He is greatly incensed at the abuses which are creeping into the service, and vows when paid off he will join the Yankees: "something like, their service is!"

J. W. comes next, commonly called West-Country. An old Arctic man—he has been out with Captain Kellett in two expeditions, searching for Sir John;

he is generally light-hearted and cheerful, full of curious yarns. For example : "I was once," said he, "along with a first-lieutenant, and he was everlasting a-pickin' his nose ; he was always a-findin' fault ; he'd stop p'raps at the cable-tier, or the shot-locker, then he'd begin at the nose again : ' Dirtiest hole in the ship, master-at-arms ! dirtiest hole in the ship ! ' How the chaps used to laugh at him." He used to say also, that "he was once towed six mile under water by a whale, and on'y came up once to breathe." He has, in common with the rest, one sad failing : whenever he can he gets drunk, and firmly believes it does him good.

Bill is the next one, a young fellow who has served most of his time in big ships, and considers small ships to be a bore : "'Cause they ain't half manned, and wants the work done big-ship fashion all the same, little big-ships I call em." He growls tremendously, and says, "Andrew won't catch him in a small craft again ; and when his time's up he'll have a slap at the Yankees."

Young Joe comes before us next, looking dissipated, but has a redeeming blue eye, and an amiable temper ; he is very ignorant of books, but eagerly listens to folks who know more than he does ; is quick and

handy at his work, but knows too much of what is no good to him.

Who next? Quimbo; born in the West Indies, very good-natured and simple. He has, though, a wicked temper; he also greatly affects the dandy; hence he is the general butt of the mess. I used to write his and young Joe's letters—love-letters and all. They would bring the paper to me with the request; and then, "You know what to say well enough; I'm going to have a smoke," and I was left to concoct the letters alone; and so great faith had they in me that when I read it to them they would say, "Oh, that'll do fizzin'." In fact, I was letter-writer for many a shipmate.

The carpenter, or 'wood-spoiler,' comes next; a disagreeable fellow, and to use the men's favourite expression, "He's a big eater, and his shipmates don't like him."

I come next—but I trust the reader will be able to describe me without any further help on my part.

Now for the last and youngest in the mess, Dick, a fine sprightly little fellow, with a good elementary education, and a fair stock of common sense; not a bad seaman, and one day will do some good for himself. So much for portrait sketching.

May-day being intensely hot made us grumble the more at our dreary anchorage. "Here we must lie," so runs my log, "till the Admiral chooses to relieve us. Why can't we be allowed to go to the north again, and get satisfaction for last year's mishap? why is not some other ship sent up here? Of the three years since we have arrived on the station, we have spent thirty months swinging at our moorings in fresh-water, while other ships have had the cream and honey of the station! 'Tis too bad."

June 4th.—Our monotony was this day relieved by all hands being allowed a run ashore on French Island. I enjoyed my ramble much among the quiet hills which border the swampy paddy-fields. The peasants whom I met seemed disposed to be friendly, and gave me a hearty chin-chin. Stopping before one of their rural dwellings, I watched the process of cleaning cotton. A bow with a light string is held by the carder over a heap of cotton; pulling down the string with some force under a portion of the cotton, he suddenly allows the bow to recoil, and the vibration thus kept up loosens the cotton without destroying the fibre.

Great activity now prevails here in building troop-boats, water-tanks, and other equipments for the

expedition to the northward, of which we hear rumours now and then: that it is a very large one, well arranged; that Hong-Kong harbour is not large enough to anchor all the transports, and Hong-Kong itself is like a military town, there are so many soldiers there. Many rumours are raised among the Chinese, who say that the emperor "no likee our make bobby."

Where our ship is lying now the stream is narrow, and the vessel swings close in shore; then it is that we can get a peep at the in-door life of the Whampoa Celestials. Now a street scene attracts our attention: a rascally boy has robbed one of the numerous fruit-stalls, the owner spies him out, and gives chase. I am not the only observer from the ship; other men see it. "Go it, little 'un!" "Crack on, kinchin!" say several. "If you ain't nailed I glories in yer sperrit!" exclaims Jemmy King. The boy dodges and doubles along the water's edge, but the man has the best of it, and nabs the thief just as he is bolting into a sanpan, and begins thrashing him. "Served ye right," say one or two of my companions; "no business to be cotched." "Give it him, old 'un, he'll make a clean job of it next time." The boy sings

out awfully, after the manner of boys, and this attracts a crowd, and the stall is secretly lightened by some, so that in administering justice the poor man suffered injustice.

The ship has swung still farther, and is now opposite to a tidy-looking wooden house : at the window sit two young native girls, busy with the ‘steel-bar,’ as sailors call the needle ; they are looking at some book, and, judging from their animated chatter, perhaps it was their pattern-book.

Still swinging, we are opposite the market, with its busy traffic and its buzz of voices, while in and out of the crowd jostle old men and little boys with nasty-looking little cakes and mysterious pastry. Here is now coming along a grave elderly gentleman, with his servant holding an umbrella over him, to screen his head from the hot sun ; a beggar meets him, and makes a low obeisance, craving charity ; the grave personage looks at him scornfully for a moment, and then impatiently tosses him a coin, and strides haughtily on his way. “If I was that beggar I’m hanged if I’d have his money, I’d heave it at him,” said young Joe, who was looking on, leaning on my shoulder. “If you were that beggar, Joe,” said I,

“you’d do as he does.” “Ah!” he rejoined, “you won’t live long, John! Have you had some needle-puddin’ to-day?”

Swinging right round to meet the change of tide, the ship nears the opposite shore, which is marshy and flat, just fit for growing paddy, being often overflowed by the tide. Here, in a little bight, hidden partly by reeds and rank grass, lies a putrefying corpse. A villanous-looking dog, enticed by the smell, comes to have a meal; our first-luff for pastime shoots at him, but unfortunately misses his mark, and the animal retreats, and some hands are sent from the ship to sink the body. The cur comes again next day, but he had better have stayed away; for the lieutenant is ready, and a well-directed shot from his musket tumbles the dog over dead among the rushes.

CHAPTER XIV.

A few Words to Boys who want to go to Sea—Characteristics—Talk about Books—Swallowing a Johnson—Sneaking from Church—Seamen's Prayer—Disreputable Officers—The Servants not the Service—Man the Ropes—The Lieutenant's Dog—Craft on the Creeks—The Tax-boat—Canoes and Capers—Rambles in Canton—Deities for Sale—False Tails—Street Gamblers—A Sing-song—The Temple of Five Hundred Gods—The City Wall and Scenes beheld therefrom—French Head-quarters—Yeh's Park—A threatened Flogging—Our Chaplain.

SOME of my young readers may now be ready to exclaim, Why! you are only a fresh-water sailor. There's nothing in your book about shipwrecks and terrible storms. Have patience, boys, it is not my fault that the *Highflyer* was kept for three years in fresh-water idleness; and perhaps if we had been wrecked you would not have had this book to read. I have told you how we visited some wrecks, and of

an escape that we had ; and of the hurricane of battle, which was a great deal more terrible than the hurricane we fell in with on our voyage home, of which you will have notice by-and-by.

Meanwhile, let me say a few words to young fellows who think they would like to go to sea. It is not always fine weather there any more than it is anywhere else ; and as for seeing the world, it amounts for the most part to seeing a surprising quantity of water. Seamen don't have leave to go and ramble about every bit of land they touch at. And then, as to the romance of being a sailor : whatever one who lives on land may think of the comforts, conveniences, and freedom of a sailor's life, he will find himself greatly adrift should he come to prove them in reality. In fine weather and with favourable breezes, a sailor's life is jolly enough, but reverse the scene and how different it becomes ! In a gale and during a dark night-watch, the various duties which Jack has to perform assume a comfortless, harassing, and dangerous character.

Turned suddenly out of his warm hammock, he is sent aloft to reef topsails, aft to the wheel, or is at once shoved into the chains to heave the warning lead. Going below after the watch has expired, he

finds he cannot get his bag to procure dry clothes, and is not allowed to hang up his wet ones ; so, weary and dispirited, he throws himself into his hammock, only to be roused out again as occasion requires.

And yet, despite all this, Jack does his work cheerfully and manfully, and amid all his perils would not change his existence for a better one. He is full of generosity ; but the long confinement and restraint on board ship make him when ashore full to overflowing with joyous spirits ; hence he commits excesses and abuses which in his calmer moments he would be ashamed of. He must buy everything which takes his fancy, however useless it may be. After all his money is gone, if he doesn't break his leave, he comes aboard and tells his messmates he has had a slashing cruise ; only he would have liked more dollars. Drink is his realisation of happiness, at least, it is with the generality. Lucong was to many a beautiful place, and why ? Because there they could go ashore, get plenty of that horrid samshu for a mere nothing, and when riotous and drunken were just in their element. What to them was the inviting landscape, the blue hazy hills, or the sweet unknown plants and flowers, so long as they could obtain that curse of seamen—grog.

Religion has but little value in Jack's estimation, the loose oath or the careless jest is generally upon his lips: he says, himself, "Religion isn't for the likes of us who never think about it;" yet they are susceptible of religious emotion, as I have often seen. I have generally noticed that if a man be seriously disposed and quiet, the majority of his shipmates respect him. But sometimes he is tormented; if he sits down often to read, he must make up his mind to be addressed thus, as I was sometimes: "Ah, John, them books 'll drive you crazy some day, and then what will you do?" "Charlie, old fellow, I can't say that I agree with you; have not books made some of our greatest men? Do not authors and poets live on books? For what were books made, to look at and not to study?" "Oh yes, that's all very fine talk, but you don't think them books 'll do you any good, and that you're a-going to better yourself." "Yes, indeed I do; and if not, why my present study keeps away the devil, and makes me feel contented." "Ah," rejoins the wise Charlie, "it's a pity you hadn't a been a parson, John, the navy ain't no place for you." And I must do the careless ones the justice to say that they make a show of respect for a shipmate

who has made good use of his time at school. "He has swallowed a Johnson," they say, or "He's got a mortal long headpiece."

On Sundays their behaviour corresponds with what I have said of religion; so that the Church-service seemed to me like an ungodly mockery. The men have to be driven aft almost forcibly, and when aft, as soon as the service begins, down they go on all fours and shin away forward to get a basin of tea, or a game at cards, or perhaps it may be to hear a messmate read a chapter out of some interesting book. Those who are left behind are pretty attentive, and the singing adds to the attraction. Ships' boys and the school-master generally answer the responses; the rest of the people are at liberty to join in if they please. I have often thought to myself that the only really earnest and devout man present was the chaplain. I may be mistaken, but godliness is a rare article in a man-of-war. There the universal prayer is :

"From rocks and sands and barren lands,
Good Lord deliver us."

But with all his faults a sailor is a man and a fellow-being. Natural darkness is not lasting; neither is the moral darkness of all sailors.

There are many officers, too, who, so far as vice and bad habits are concerned, often outdo the foremast man. Some of them come to sea for honour, as they term it; and after remaining sufficiently long in the service for his captain and companions to find out he is a fool and a bore, quits it, as he says, with 'disgust;' so that there is a great deal of truth in the sailor's adage: "It ain't the service, that's well enough, 'tis them that's in it."

We had a clever third-luff, who, upon the ship being caught in a squall one dark night, sung out frantically, "Man the ropes, men! man the ropes!" instead of giving orders what to do. This same luff had a dog, too, an unhappy looking cur, something of a cross, as the men used to say, between a bull-dog and a window-shutter; nevertheless, he was attached to the animal. The men knew of his partiality, so in the night-watches they would lie down to nap in the gangway, taking the dog with them; the animal being very glad to nestle under their lee from the cold. This made his master's heart warm towards the men, and he would send for a bottle of grog and give them "for being good to Ponto." The bottle did not last long among many, and as soon as it was gone, the wretched Ponto would be saluted with divers kicks and thumps

in the ribs, making him sing out dismally, 'pen and ink,' and cut his lucky; while his master declared they were bad men to hurt "poor dear Ponto."

Now after this long yarn we'll have a look at the river. Our ship is surrounded by numerous sanpans, which, however, lie off at a respectful distance, for if they come near their owners get pelted with bits of the holystone that we scrub our decks with. There they lie, jabbering to one another, and on the look-out for a chance job, and furnishing us with something to talk about.

Numerous creeks run away inland from the river, and along these may be seen, sailing or sculling, large trading junks and smaller craft, their brown curiously cut sails seeming to glide along the top of the flat fields which skirt the edge of the creek. Some of them that carry a few guns have an ugly, suspicious look, and should you doubt their honesty, one glance at the thievish-looking crew will settle the question. They are opium smugglers for the towns and villages along the creeks, and are, besides, not at all unwilling to plunder villages when opportunity offers, or to cruise as pirates on a pinch.

Now from behind yonder point shoots out a row-boat bearing the Imperial flag; how she glides along,

and well she may, for twenty-eight oars on each side make her walk amazingly fast. Most of her crew look well-fed and sleek, as though the collection of state revenues were pleasant work.

Presently a junk comes in sight, amid noise and confusion. She has many rowers, and her light cotton sails might be taken for great handbills, for they are covered with writing in the native character. That is the Imperial tax-boat, taking her rounds to gather in the revenue. No wonder there is such a hubbub from the fleet of sanpans that follow in her wake.

One day, about the latter end of July, a great many long and gaudily-painted canoes, decorated with flags and banners, and moved by about thirty paddles on each side, passed up and down the river opposite the town. In the middle of each canoe was a monster drum, which two Celestial drummers beat with a vengeance. "Why don't ye hit a little harder, old fellow?" sung out one of our mess. "You call that tum-tum, do ye?" After a bit we noticed that the paddlers kept time to the beating of the drums, while a showily-dressed fellow, posted beneath each of the standards, jumped up two or three feet at every stroke of the drumsticks. Up and down, up

and down, they all kept on, as if they were moved by springs, or had the spirit of dancing dervishes; and all the time the hot sun was beating down upon their uncovered heads. Some of these canoes were superior to the rest, having carved figure-heads, and covered sterns; being, as our joker said, "Titivated off to the nines." When this squadron arrived at the end of the town, the rowers, instead of turning the boats round, turned themselves round. I was afterwards told that this was a part of certain ceremonies performed during the Feast of Dragons. To us it was quite a novel sight, and one of the prettiest we had seen in China.

The main excitement we got about this time was having occasionally to pull some of our officers up to Canton; a trip for which volunteers were always ready, for we got leave to roam about and see sights, a liberty not allowed at the time when we helped to take the city. In my first good uninterrupted stroll in the city I went along the street of Benevolence and Love, or "Ill-will and stink," as old Archie said it "had ought to be called." It was thronged with natives of all classes: grandees and coolies, and clerks with a business air about them, and an inkhorn stuck in their girdle; and such a lot of lazy, loaf-about

fellows, who apparently would sooner live by their wits than their work: bold, bad men, sallow and unhealthy-looking from the effects of opium, and who always endeavour to stare you out of countenance.

Turning suddenly round an angle of the street, we came upon a manufacturer of gods—strange as it may sound, it was so. With a small quantity of clay and putty, or chunam, and a few pots of red, blue, or some other attractive colour, we saw him making little deities for the curious and eager people around him. Another thing that surprised us was to see among the paints and perfumes a barber's shop, and a number of false tails hung up for sale to Canton coxcombs. Well, if women wear false curls, why should not puppies wear false tails?

I had heard often that the Chinamen were fond of gambling, but had never seen them at play, until in one of my rambles on a wet day I saw a party under a rude shed rattling dice in a basin and throwing three times in succession, and then counting gains or losses. Three out of the five men were soon stumped, and away they went, with vexed and sheepish looks, to raise the wind for another attempt; their two comrades meanwhile playing away as hard as ever. Soon one of these lost his all, and began gazing rather

mournfully into the watery sky ; when, taking compassion upon him, I gave him a few cash which I had about me ; not from any approval of his gambling propensities, but a curious desire to see if he would put the unexpected supply to a better use ; but I had not time to wait and see.

One day I went to look at a ‘sing-song,’ as the Chinese call a singing-house. It was a huge boat, with a long room built on the deck, displaying specimens of good carving, and decorated with large mirrors and brilliant hanging lamps. The musicians sat on each side of this room with their various instruments, and a gay company of young painted females, who accompany the music with their voices, in a harsh, screeching tone, which made Jem say, “His poor old mother’s Tom cat ’ud do it better nor that.”

After the concert comes a repast of sweetmeats for the singers, and tea without milk or sugar was given to the audience in tiny china cups, for one cash : about the twentieth part of a penny. After this the row went on again, with but little variation, till we got tired and went away. I was told, however, that they break up somewhere about cock-crow.

One day a party in which I was included had a

week's liberty, and went up to the city. We lodged while there at naval head-quarters, a house near the river, with rooms for the senior naval officers, and a large room for the seamen attached; the ground before it sloped down to the water, and a pleasant old willow overshadowed the door; and on a little pier leading from the captain's quarters was a flag-staff, on which the Union Jack was hoisted every morning.

I took the opportunity to call on Mr. M'Clintock, the commissary-general, who had brought me out a book from home, to express my thanks for the favour. He was lounging in his bamboo chair (it was early in the afternoon). He looked hard at me upon my entrance; but when I told him my name, he expressed himself glad to see me. "It was such a trifling thing he did for me," he said, "not worth mentioning—he would be glad to do it again. Had I been in England he would have recommended me to his brother, Captain M'Clintock; but if he saw a good thing before our ship left the station he would remember me." He then said good-bye. But the good thing did not turn up, for I heard from him no more.

I and another went to see the Temple of the Five Hundred Gods, situate in the north-west quarter of the city. After a walk of about four miles we arrived at the temple, a huge square building, gloomy-looking and forbidding. Many priests, with shaven crowns and clad in long black robes, were flitting about the entrance ; they appeared very willing to show us the curiosities of their temple. The interior is lofty, and about two hundred feet square, looking more like a prison than a place of reverence. Platforms are ranged about the floor, on which the gods stand close together. We wondered if they felt uncomfortable in hot weather. They are about half the size of life, many of them of horrible shapes, some having half a dozen arms, three or four legs, three heads : all as ugly as possible. Most of them represent the male sex, but there were one or two solitary females, gorgeously gilt, whose features and form were less unnatural than those of their male companions. One of these fellows was a hideous monster of a blubberly figure, with great folds of fat hanging from his breast and cheeks. His name is Chong, and, as we were told, he watches over the happiness of young maidens. What English girl would face such a frightful god as

that ! We saw, however, a great many Canton lasses who had evidently come to have a look at their ugly protector.

The wall of Canton is worthy of notice, and it is possible to have a ramble on the top of it. I got up very early one morning, before sunrise, on purpose to go this journey. About the east gate the wall is broad and firm, and from between the rows of embrasures you get a good view of the plain of Canton and the country round about. That red brick building with the glazed tiles, and with two scathed and withered trees growing over it, is the building used for a magazine when we captured the city, and which blew up by some accident as our blue-jackets were clearing it of the jars of powder and pitching them into the ponds. Groups of green trees something like willows, groves of orange-trees and mandarins' houses on little eminences, and lonely little ferries across the creeks, are here the features without the wall. Looking from the heights near the north gate, you see the city lies like a huge village beneath. The houses are mostly low—about two stories—but, contrasted with the look of an English city, they appear like wretched huts: no glass windows, no ornamental glass work, chimney-pots, trellis-

work, water-spouts, are visible. As their fires are generally made from charcoal, there was not a dim pall of smoke over the city, but a misty haze, as is generally seen over big towns that don't burn coal. The only buildings which catch the eye and relieve the general monotony are one or two lofty pagodas and the glazed tiles of the turned-up and highly ornamental temples. You see more of the country, too, here, and miles of tea plantations, which give the appearance of a garden.

On coming to the north-east gate, I observed, at one of the angles, marks of the effect of our shot and shell of three years ago.

The eastern suburbs, or 'subrubs,' as the High-flyers would say, attracted a good share of my attention, and I stood for some time looking down into the narrow street, just opposite a tea-shop, in which were ranged enormous canisters of the plant, and large porcelain basins heaped up with the different samples. The shop, even at that early hour, was full, and I could hear the clink of money, the rustling of the crisp, dry tea, and voices in compliment or bargain, from my high station. I passed the north-east gate, going on towards the north, when I observed beneath me, without the wall, a small plot of ground, which I

at first sight took to be a garden; but the low hillocks and headstones, telling of frail mortality, soon undeceived me. It was the Christian burial-ground, and it seemed like an oasis in the pagan land. Many a poor fellow-countryman, I thought, as I looked at it, lies here, whether sped to his last home by the musket-ball or a victim to the climate. Soon after I got to the north gate, at the foot of the heights. Here the road had been partially rebuilt by us. The heights are like a slope, with shady trees and houses.

To reach the west gate I had to pass through the court-yard of the pagoda of the French head-quarters. On each side of the entrance to the building stands a lion, well carved in stone, of ancient workmanship. All was quiet as I thus stood for a minute, looking about, for our French neighbours were not yet up. There was only a solitary seaman sentry to be seen at the entrance; so, helping myself to a draught of their wine-and-water, which stood ready for use in the court-yard, away I went, and got back to our quarters in time for breakfast.

Having heard by report a great deal about Yeh's park, I went a day or two after to see it. One would smile at the name applied to such a thing in England. Badly-kept shrubs skirt its straggling pathways; an

imperfect fishpond, its waters polluted and stinking, occupies the centre. Picture the remainder as about two and a half acres of scurvy-looking grass, growing in sub-divisions, cropped by sundry scraggy-looking ponies belonging to anybody, and a small herd of meagre white-spotted deer, and you have the park. I noticed some of our shot and missiles lying in the neglected place.

Soon after our return on board an incident occurred which gave us another touch of our new captain's character. One of the marines, a sickly man, had given some offence—I forget what—and the captain said he would flog him, and turned the hands up to hear the warrant read. Well, it was read by him very angrily, and the poor fellow was being taken below to be kept in irons till the next day, when the doctor interposed: "Sir," said he, touching his cap, "that man is not capable of bearing corporal punishment; he is on the sick list." "Are you quite certain he can't bear it, doctor?" "Quite, Sir." "Oh! Yes. Well," says the captain, turning to the culprit, "it's a good thing you are sick; but, mark you! I *will* flog you, as sure as my name's ———; if I wait till doomsday you shall have it. Pipe down, boat-

swain's mate. Doctor, report to me when he is well enough; bear it in mind."

"There's a little bantam-cock for you," said some of our men, as we went forward again. "Now, ain't ye sorry old daddy S—— left ye?" "Pay her off," rejoined others, "it's near time; if we lives together much longer, we'll be eating one another up."

After all, the monotony wearied me less than the others; for it was while lying off Whampoa that I had the privilege to become acquainted with our chaplain. It came about in this way: I had asked the ship's schoolmaster if he knew of a Homer's Iliad that could be borrowed, and he, not knowing, inquired of the chaplain, who sent me a summons to his cabin. He asked me many questions, particularly as to my occupation before taking to the sea. "Whatever could have possessed you?" he said; "surely you do not mean to continue a sailor?" I answered that I bitterly repented, and that if ever I got home again I'd try for my discharge. After a little more talk he showed me a Homer, which was truly all Greek to me, and advised me when I wanted anything to apply to him; he would lend any of his books, and always be glad to tell me anything. A short time afterwards I told him I had been trying to work out a

problem or two in navigation. He asked to see them, and so began a course of kind teachings, which continued for many months. I used to do two or three problems and then go and show them to him. He would correct them or point out mistakes, and give me something more to go on with, and finish off with a few good and kindly words and his pleasant smile. He was much gratified when I added trigonometry to my lesson ; and when, some weeks later, I showed him my first 'day's work' as the fruit of his instruction, he spoke words of encouragement which I shall never forget.

CHAPTER XV.

An agreeable Surprise — Ordered to Swatow — Pirates — The weary Anchorage again — Pay-day and Auction Sales — Relief at last — Happy Highflyers — Departure from Whampoa — Hurrah for Home! — Working with a Will — Departure from Hong-Kong — Caught in a Cyclone — The Trades — Glorious Sailing — The *Roman Emperor* — Do you want the Longitude? — Snarley-yow's Growl — Simon's Bay — Departure from the Cape — The Long Pig or the Short Pig? — The Bill of Portland — Anchor at Spithead — Wives and Sweethearts — Joys and Sorrows — The Chaplain's Advice — Pay-day and Liberty — Home — Getting a Discharge — Conclusion.

SEPTEMBER 26th.—We were quite surprised out of our inactivity, in the early morning, by a gun-boat steaming up the river, flying the signal, *Prepare for sea*. Soon all was hurry and bustle; we knew nothing of our destination, but the bare idea of going from this dull place was sufficient to make us work, and by seven o'clock we had sails bent, boats in, and were

steaming down the river. Early on the 27th we arrived in Hong-Kong, and found we had to go to Swatow, to try to get back some Europeans from the hands of the Chinese, who had unlawfully taken them prisoners. Our instructions were, if we could not get them by fair means we were to use foul means, and administer a little punishment by way of wholesome admonition. So to Swatow we went, and lay there two or three days, and by the assistance of the Consul and his interpreter the captives were released.

Swatow is situated near the mouth of a river, in very flat country. It is a great resort of pirates, who ravage their neighbours and defenceless traders, and set everything but Englishmen and English courage at defiance. The place does plenty of trade, however. We left it on the 9th of November, and with a fair breeze away we went south for Hong-Kong, where we arrived after a run of sixteen hours.

Here we stayed a day or two, to get some few stores and provisions, and then up to our old anchorage off Whampoa, having been away the remarkable space of three weeks.

And so time jogged on wearily enough till Christmas Day, which was quite as jolly and noisy as in

former years. I find it stands in my log thus: "State of ship's-company, very drunk; state of myself, supremely wretched. Most of us had reckoned upon being in old England this time last year; and it's very true that 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.' "

If it had not been for pay-day and the arrival of the mail we should perhaps have gone mad. Once a month we were allowed to draw 'compo,' that is, a part of the past four weeks' wages, according to our different ratings. A petty-officer, who got 3*l.* per month, could draw one pound ten, or half; an able seaman, at 2*l.* per month, drew one pound; boys and ordinary seamen, a smaller sum. On the first of every month the table would be placed on the break of the quarter-deck, and the paymaster and his clerk, with the captain or first-luff, to prevent mistakes, took their seats at the table, with sundry heaps of money before them. Then the hands would 'lay aft,' and according as they stood on the ship's books, so they got paid. I often resolved before the first of the month that I wouldn't take up my 'compo' this time, but save it. However, so certainly as the day came round, and the money chinked on the pay-table, so did my resolution forsake me, and

my pay came into my hands; but not long to stay there. As a general rule, I noticed that those men who were married, or had been a long time in the service, were always the men who could save. Now and then young Topman would take a saving fit; but the money tempted him, and he found it too hard to "leave it behind," as we used to say.

When a messmate or a shipmate dies, his bag and effects are taken in charge by the master-at-arms, a list made of them, and then they are stowed away for a month. At the end of that time they are sold, the proceeds going, with his wages, to his relatives.

On the quarter-deck and during the dinner-hour these sales take place; the master-at-arms acting as auctioneer. "D'ye hear, there?" pipes the boatswain's mate. "You that wants to buy anything lay aft." "Shall you go, Bill?" "Yes; go! my word, won't I! just to run up the things for poor Dan's old mother." And 'tis surprising how every article is run up to a high price, in order to benefit the poor fellow's relations. The men invariably say, "Well! I might want the same done for me, some day."

When a 'run' man's (a deserter) effects are sold, the money goes to Government, and the difference in the prices offered then is striking: a blue serge, which

would have had a guinea bid for it at the dead man's sale, now fetches seven shillings.

At last, on the 3rd of February, 1861, a day to be long remembered, our relief, in the shape of the *Simoom* troop-ship, was signalled steaming up the river. Oh! what a hubbub of voices, dancing and capering for joy, and a shaking of hands. "Here she comes! Come at last!" Many of us rushed to the capstan and actually shipped some of the bars: in fact, it was a hard matter for us to keep from having a jolly good hip—hip—hip! hurrah! And we were all so surprisingly active and willing to get under weigh there and then. The next day was Sunday—a mizzly wet day. Service was dispensed with for the day; as some of us said, "D'ye hear, there? there'll be no Sunday here this Sunday the parson's gone to Tamerton;" and some thought 'Holy Joe' would be disappointed. We hove up the anchor about mid-day, and turning ahead full speed, soon lost sight of our weary anchorage and that everlasting Chinese town of Whampoa.

On arrival at Hong-Kong, we were glad to hear we were not likely to stop long, nor did we. "Go ahead!" said Admiral Jones to our skipper; "and get ready for sailing as soon as you like."

And so we did; and at last, on the 8th of February,

five days after getting our orders, we were reported ready for sea. The Admiral came on board and mustered us, and almost before he was over the gangway to leave, the capstan was manned, and we danced the heavy iron 'killick' up to the bows quicker than ever before, and with our long pendant, 'homeward-bound,' streaming away on the wind far astern of us, the band playing *Home, sweet home*, we steamed out of Hong-Kong harbour on our way home; all hearts beating joyously, and a bright and laughing sky overhead.

"Well, Tom, we're off at last; how long d'ye give her?" "How long? eighty-four days!" "Yes, she'd ought to do it in that time! Hooray! Flare-up for Chatham!"

On the 28th, we had a heavy, favourable breeze, and a lumpy sea, and a very wild and vague look in the horizon; and the master said he thought we should have nasty weather, so we took in light sails and reefed. About noon the wind increased, and before midnight blew a perfect hurricane, we driving before it under close-reefed main-topsail and storm-staysail. By certain indications, and by the sudden veering of the wind continually, the master and captain knew we were in a cyclone, so we 'wore ship' and stood back. But now, having the

gale right in our teeth, we could not make much headway, and the good little craft laboured so much, and shipped such green seas, that the order was given to 'lay to.' The wind was so furious we could not hear one another's voices, and instead of raising great waves it nipped off their tops in one great mass of hissing and blinding foam; which made some of our old hands cry, "Ugh! this is one of the days we reads about. Just my clip, this is!"

On the 5th of March, the wind having dropped, we wore and stood upon our course again; glad enough to have escaped running into the vortex of the storm. It passed us twice, and the master said it extended over many degrees. I noticed that the wind shifted from and to the following points: S.W., N.W., S.S.W., S.S.E., and N.N.W.

By-and-by we got into the trades, which blew us along at the rate of two hundred and forty miles in twenty-four hours. There is no mistaking the real trade-wind sky; mottled and calm-looking generally, or white and fleecy, and sometimes wild tiers of clouds piled upon clouds, in every fantastic shape. And the deep blue waves chase after the ship with white, foaming tops, the good vessel herself booming along at full speed, knocking the water from her bows in one big

sheet of foam. Beautiful to look at ; but mariners call it soapsuds.

Now and then we would see a shoal of flying-fish, their scales and gauze-like wings glittering in the sun ; or a lively shoal of dolphins ; but these customers fought shy of hook and line. We saw nothing to break the sameness of the horizon, save now and then a sail ; and often when I was up aloft I had a feeling of being alone with the blue waves and the sunshine. " If 'twas always like this," said Jem W., one day, " I'd bring my big sister to sea with me." ' .

A few days before we got to the Cape, we passed and spoke the ship *Roman Emperor*. We had sighted her early in the morning, and it was soon manifest which vessel was the better sailer ; but as a stern chase is always a long one, we did not overhaul her till nearly eight P.M., and soon we were within hailing distance, and we could see the people moving about on her decks and hear the straining of the yards as they ' gave ' to the roll of the ship, while the bright moonlight enabled us to trace every inch of her cordage high aloft. She was a fine sight, with every stitch of available canvas set ; ' stunsails ' alow and aloft, and everything showing out in good relief. By this time we could have pitched a biscuit on her deck.

At last our skipper hailed, "Ship ahoy!" "Halloo," came back very plainly, as if somebody had hailed from the belly of her topsail. "Do you want the longitude?" "If you please." Then a pause, during which we heard nothing but the splashing of the water against the bows of the two vessels, the creaking of wheezy blocks, and the melancholy sough of the wind among the cordage. Presently, "31 degrees 41 minutes at seven o'clock," from our side, breaks the pause. "Thank you, much obliged," is the answer. Again our skipper shouts, "Where are you from?" "Akyab; bound home;" and so we parted, she gradually dropping astern and to leeward, and we dashing away on our separate course, and the briefly-broken monotony again reigned. In two hours she was out of sight, and we were again quite alone.

The next day the wind shifted, and for several days after we had light head winds, and frequently tacked. Some of our men grumbled at this, or rather at the captain and master, something after this style: Snarley-yow and his chum Curtis were sitting in the gangway, smoking: "Well," said Curtis, puffing hard and blowing out his blue clouds, "I'd like to know when we're agoin' to get in! I don't think, Snarley, as how he knows where he is, 'cause I heard

him tell the captain so." "Not he!" rejoins Snarley; "I'd go aft and manage her a great deal better than he do." "You'd have to be heaps smarter than you are now, before you could," said I, quietly; whereupon Snarley recommended me to shut up, and be willing to know a little less than everything, but with a seaman's usual freedom of speech and vigorous expletives.

We arrived early on the morning of the 30th of March in Simon's Bay. The cutter—the boat to which I belonged—was the first for the shore; and my feelings were joyous in the extreme to set foot on land again among English people and English faces, especially in the fine weather of an African autumn. But, as on our former visit here, my hopes of seeing Cape Town were disappointed.

During this homeward voyage my time was much employed in the 'sick-bay,' helping the surgeon in his attendance on the men who were on the sick-list. The chaplain had spoken of me to 'the doctor,' as we used to call him, and I got many a kind word from him, and now and then the loan of a book. In return I tried to do my best in assisting him and waiting on the sick, for which he was good enough to give me an acknowledgment, when about to leave

the ship at Portsmouth, in a testimonial letter, which I preserve for his sake.

We sailed again on the 4th of April, and were speeding along in the Atlantic trades, when, one bright evening in May, up came the butcher, in a great huff, to the officer of the watch, who was a Prussian lieutenant taking a passage home in our ship: "Please, Sir, one of the captain's pigs is dead." Now the skipper set great store on these pigs, because they were Chinese. "What!" exclaimed the officer, in his imperfect English; "you vas not say so; the captain vas very nearly mad before, he vas be quite mad now!" However, he went below, as was his duty, and reported it to the captain, who, quietly and contrary to expectation, said, "Thank you, Waldersee; thank you." The Prussian came on deck again, and was talking to the middy of the watch, when the skipper darts up the companion-ladder: "Waldersee! Waldersee!" ("I vas catch it now," said the lieutenant, running aft), "which pig is it that's dead, the long one or the short one?" For the life of him the lieutenant did not know; but he hazarded a guess, "The long one, Sir!" "Oh! thank you," rejoined the skipper, snapping his fingers; "what's she going now?" "10.2, Sir!" "Oh! yes, just so; clap the

lower stunsail on, Waldersee;" and he dived again down the ladder.

Sailors' pets are numerous, but monkeys and birds hold the pre-eminence. We brought home about eighty canaries. Pigeons, fowls, hawks, and even seagulls, are made so tame in a short time, as almost to surpass belief; but sailors have a saying, that "anything can be tamed in a man-o'-war in a week; a lion would be, let alone a bird." This is alluding to the rough fare and usage he would certainly meet with. We had a monkey so tame he would come into the mess and eat his meals with the men, and even drink part of their grog, and sometimes get drunk, when its idiotic antics were called a "jolly lark."

The North Star rose higher and higher, and at length we entered the Chops of the Channel. On the 22nd of May we saw and passed the Bill of Portland; I gazed on it with emotion and gratitude as the first English land I had seen for five years, and home was near. This was about mid-day, and later in the afternoon our anchor was let go, and we rode safely in the waters of Spithead.

The next day the ship was beset by boats, crowded with the men's wives and sweethearts, and the meetings were striking by their extreme contrast. Here,

one poor fellow's daughter had come off to see her father—alas! poor girl, she will never see him more; he lies in a lonely grave on the banks of the Canton River. Here, a mother and sister have come to see their Joe—what a hugging and kissing and admiring; while the solitary occupant of the next boat, upon being informed of her poor husband's fate, buries her face in her hands and sobs as if her heart would break. There are plenty of rough and honest sympathisers with her among her husband's former companions; but she heeds them not; what is the world to her now poor Tom is gone?

The day following we steamed into harbour, where, moored alongside the dockyard wharf, we began the work of dismantling and stripping gaily enough. On Saturday evening we had liberty given till Monday, but I did not go; I knew no one in Portsmouth, and I did not want to borrow anything from the pleasure of going for good on the Friday following.

On Sunday morning, May 26, our good chaplain read prayers for the last time, many of the ship's company being present. I improved the greater part of the afternoon by having a long and very interesting conversation with the excellent man, who said, as our time drew to a close, "Remember, my dear young

17

friend, it doesn't always require extraordinary talents or endowments to get on in this life. If you always endeavour to do right, so as to have no cause for self-reproach, and remember your Maker, you cannot fail of success! And now, if I don't see you again, I will say good-bye. Remember my simple advice and act up to it; while performing your earthly duties do not forget your heavenly ones, and may you prosper." I am not ashamed to confess that tears were in my eyes as I shook hands with the man who had been my friend, and I felt I loved him.

By Wednesday evening the ship was stripped, and there lay the gallant *Highflyer*, a mere hulk.

Friday came, the pay-day! We began pretty early; each one went into the cabin, received his five years' wages, had his liberty ticket given to him, and was free to come and go for two months. I got my wages and ticket: the latter bore a precept requiring me to report myself on board the *Fisgard*, at the end of my leave. About three in the afternoon, and with cheerful feelings, I stepped from the gangway into the dockyard, took a long look at the wooden walls which had been my home for nearly five years, and for which I shall always have a warm corner in my heart; and with light step and a long,

heavy, bolster-like bag and a bundle or two I made my way to the railway station, and in half an hour from the time I was paid-off was being rapidly whirled towards London and home.

Was it not strange? The delight of arrival at home had occupied my mind, day and night, for months and years; yet, when I carried my bag up the steps and left it at the door while I ran down to the cab for my bundles, it seemed to me as if home had lost all its charm, and that I could willingly have gone away without opening the door for another five years. I cannot account for the strange emotion; all I know is that it took a little time to rouse up the proper home-feeling in my heart.

After a day or two, when the burst of greetings and congratulations was over, I set about getting my discharge. For this purpose I went down to the *Fisgard* at Woolwich, and got aboard just before dinner-time, and was told I couldn't see the commander till half-past one, so of course I had to wait, and a dreary wait it was. I wasn't asked to have a bit of grub by anybody—so different from a sea-going ship, where I should have been dragged down below in quarter less than no time; but *Guardhos* are always stingy. Well, at the half-hour I saw the commander, who

merely glanced at me, and appeared to be just aware of my presence, looked at my liberty-ticket, and then with his hand waved a most majestic "You can go;" and I went below with the schoolmaster, who gave me a form of petition to be filled up and forwarded to the Admiralty, at the same time telling me "he most times have got a trifle, and he have known himself to get five shillings; 'cause, you know," added he, "I writes them." "Well," said I, "if any one ever gave you five shillings for doing your duty, he was a fool;" and away I went on the upper-deck, where I met the master-at-arms, who it seems goes halves with the schoolmaster—one writes the form and the other takes it to the *Fisgard's* office, and of course he expects a trifle too. I went away in one of the ship's boats to the dockyard, walked up to the office and presented my paper, and was told to call after ten days, when my discharge would most likely be down. So at the end of that time I went again, but nothing had come; I waited a week, and went again, but nothing had come. I waited another week, went once more to Woolwich, and was at last told the discharge had come. But as I had served only five of the ten years agreed on, I had to pay 12*l.* 16*s.* for the bit of parchment, filled up as appears in the Ap-

pendix, which the clerk put into my hands. However, with light heart, and pocket equally light, I stepped out of the office a free man, and no longer a servant of the Queen.

And so I quitted a sea-life, in which with many hard experiences I had learned one great thing—obedience. I had seen Teneriffe, South America, the Cape, the East, and last, but not least, Japan and Tartary. I had seen storm and calm, and waterspouts, and St. Elmo's lights, and other marvellous works of Nature in the great deep. I could hand, reef, and steer, and, from the chaplain's teaching, make out a day's work and find a ship's course. No young fellow could go through all this without being somewhat the better for it. I quitted the service from a general feeling of dislike, and from its holding out but a poor prospect. All I could hope for was a petty-officer's rating at 3*l.* per month, and with scarcely a privilege beyond that of an ordinary seaman.

Soon after getting my discharge I called at Somerset House for my share of the 30,543*l.* 15*s.* of Canton prize-money. The clerk handed me twenty-eight shillings, which, apart from the glory, was all I got for my fortnight's "hard laying," and the chance of being shot by the provost-marshal. Then as my

friends wished to remember how I looked as a sailor, they sent me to a photographer, and the publisher of my book taking advantage of that circumstance, and thinking that boys may wish to see what a young topman in the Royal Navy looks like, has copied me for a frontispiece. I wish he hadn't.

And now, having told my tale, I cannot help saying, in conclusion, that it is good to have discovered that discipline can be borne and with advantage; to feel that you have striven for the right and not in vain; and that you have brought away from the great ocean something that will impress and elevate the mind, and promote manliness of character.

APPENDIX.

Admiralty
Seal.

CONTINUOUS SERVICE CERTIFICATE OF

Y. M.

In the event of a man having borne a bad character on board any ship, the Captain of such ship is to cut off this corner.

Date of Entry for such Service. Age at that time.
When and where registered.

Ship's Name.	No.	Rating.	Entry.	Discharge or Transfer.	Y.	M.	D.	Conduct.	Ability as Seaman.	C Badge.	Captain's Signature.
Highflyer	21	Boy 1 C	Dec., 55	17 May, 57							
Do.	3	Ord. 2 C	May, 57	1 Oct., 57				Good	Fair		C. F. A. Shadwell
Do.	161	"	Oct., 57	2 Jan., 60							
Do.	161	Ord. 1 C	3 Jan., 60	31 May, 61				Good	Good		W. A. J. Heath
Fisgard	1757	Ord.	1 June, 61	4 July, 61	Shore by purchase } Time only						Henry Hawker

THE END.

NOTE.—The conduct of a seaman being his passport for future service, the character of the party is to be impartially stated, after careful inquiry, and with reference to his whole period of service in the ship.



THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY
OVERDUE.

NOV 21 1932

JAN 13 1972

FEB 7 1955

FEB 7 1955 LU

JUL 05 2006

20 Jan '50 VW

JAN 13 1956

14 Jul '64 LL

14 Aug '64

REC'D LD

AUG 11 '64 -7 PM

APR 2 - 1966 2 0

J LD

APR 1 - '66 -5 PM

REC'D LD JAN 12 '72 -8 PM

JUL 25 2006

YB 28627

589315

D.S. 709

W. 58.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

